GREAT ROAD BETRAYAL SEE PAGE SEVEN

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Vol. LXII.
1624.

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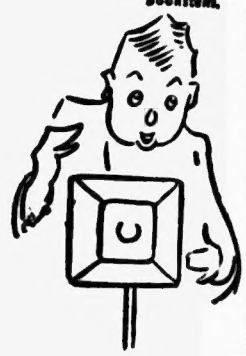

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

National Trust FEUD

VERY few public causes in this country have more of JOHN BULL'S good wishes than the National Trust. We have never failed to give it praise nor to lend our support to its endeavours as far as we are able.

We hope always to be able to do so. But the time has come now, on one aspect of the Trust's activities, to play the candid friend.

A few days ago, at the annual meeting of the Trust, a resolution was put forward, by certain life members, that blood sports should be prohibited on National Trust property, which, incidentally, is *your* property.

The proposal was defeated, yet it must be a surprise to many people that such a resolution should be necessary. For the terms of the Trust's charter and by-laws *do* already expressly forbid blood sports on its lands.

The relevant words are: "The National Trust shall be established for the purpose of promoting the permanent preservation for the benefit of the nation of lands . . . for the preservation (as far as practicable) of their natural aspect, features and animal and plant life."

And—"No unauthorised person shall snatch or kill any bird or other animal, or lay snares . . . or take birds' eggs or nest, or shoot, chase or drive game or other animals."

In the past the Trust has acted exactly upon those lines. Not long ago it prosecuted a working man for shooting eight wood pigeons on Trust land, and secured a conviction. It also got a great deal of publicity for his case and circulated it as a countrywide warning.

YET the local committee which managed this particular property, both before and after this case, officially allowed fox-hunting to be carried on.

The same thing is happening on scores or even hundreds of other items of National Trust property all over the country. Harestreld Beacon, for instance, a famous beauty stretch, is regularly hunted.

It is an offence for members of the public to damage any of the growth of its own property or to kill any living thing within this sanctuary. But there is no objection, apparently, to a hunt bursting through its coverts and driving and killing a fox on the same ground.

JOHN BULL has no intention of engaging, one way or another, in the perennial controversy about "blood sports." But we want to know how the Trust justifies what is apparently a gross evasion of the spirit of its charter.

Does it rest upon that word "unauthorised"? If so, there is an unpleasant smell of privilege for a few against the claims of the many.

Why should the working man be prosecuted for taking wood pigeons or a camper for killing a rabbit for his supper, when others can buy shooting rights to bang away over Trust lands as hard as they please? Why should shooting rights be permitted or sold?

There are many more such anomalies in the Trust's attitude. On Exmoor, the Trust owns the great Holnicote Estate. When Dunkery Beacon, adjoining it, was presented to the Trust, the owner stipulated in his lease that camping and car parking should be forbidden, but nothing was to be done "which will interfere with the hunting of deer, foxes and hares."

Many protests were made against the Trust accepting the land under those conditions. It was pointed out that land which has never produced revenue for the owner was now to be maintained for the hunting fraternity at the Trust's expense. But it was accepted.

The Trust has its hands full

THERE have been constant clashes in the vicinity of this estate between animal welfare societies and the hunts, some leading to breaches of the peace. The Trust prohibits these societies from holding meetings or showing placards on Trust lands, but at the opening of the season the hunting societies have not been prevented from advertising and running enrolment offices on those same lands.

But do not let us lose sight of the larger point of principle — the permission under any circumstances of shooting and hunting in these sanctuaries bought by the public's money. In some places so-called "vermin," magpies, jays, falcons and squirrels, are being killed off so that pheasants and similar game should provide better sport.

This treatment of national property as a ready-made game preserve for a favoured few seems to us a gross impertinence.

The Trust seems to have a certain uneasiness about its attitude. Although its officials admit that it receives "several thousands a year from shooting rights," it omits to mention this item in the report and balance sheet which is circulated to subscribers.

WE would remind the Trustees of another point. Much of its income of £5,000 a year from annual subscriptions, and the legacies and donations which make up its £500,000 of funds, come from people who are opposed to killing for sport, and who believe the Trust's "preservation" charter means what it implies.

There is the gravest concern among these about what they consider a betrayal of the purpose of their gifts. We have two letters before us from executors of people who have left £3,000 to the Trust, protesting strongly against the Trust's permission for shooting and hunting over the lands.

Some time ago there was tremendous local agitation over the shooting and game driving which was permitted in Ashridge Forest, one of the largest of all the Trust estates.

And one of the Trust's own officials has just admitted that shooting rights are let on 21 of the Trust's properties amounting to more than 10,000 acres.

The widespread indignation which is developing is bound to affect fund-raising for the Trust's main splendid purpose, the acquirement of land for the free public enjoyment.

We put those points forward as a friendly warning to the Trust.

Finally, and as an example, we would remind the Trustees that London, Glasgow, and nearly 20 other authorities who maintain large tracts of forest, lakeland and down for the public use, forbid in set terms all killing for sport.

We demand that the National Trust, for the sake of its continued progress in a noble endeavour, lives up to the spirit of its charter, and does the same.

Straight From The Shoulder

Child Victims of the Boom

Easy Money Spoiling Young Doctors
Astonishing Means Test Scandal
Creating a New Pauperdom

ONE of the biggest scandals of the industrial boom is the toll in life and limb being paid by juvenile workers. It is revealed in the annual report of Mr. D. R. Wilson, H.M. Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops, that during 1936 forty-eight boys and four girls were killed at their jobs, and 24,251 boys and 8,187 girls were injured.

Terribly eloquent statistics of young lives sacrificed for the sake of profit.

A Black Year

Altogether, 1936 was a black year in the factories. The total number of accidents reported was 176,390, of which 920 were fatal.

Every tragedy and mishap brings its own heartache to someone, but it ought to ravage the public conscience to know that children just fresh from school are being permitted to work long hours and risk their lives tending dangerous, fast-running machinery.

Mr. D. R. Wilson: Tells a grim story

Juveniles employed in industry nowadays are involved in 25 per cent. more accidents than adults, a fact which the Chief Inspector of Factories deplores without explaining causes. Naturally, he could not do that without pointing the finger of scorn at a social system which feeds inexperienced children to the machines when it ought to be keeping them at school and providing them with the bounty of increased education

Grim Facts

The cold print of an official Blue Book tells the grim story of the child martyrs of the latest boom.

Here is a boy of fourteen killed while trying to replace the belt of a trolley; there is a girl of fifteen who dies after being scalped through her hair becoming entangled in shafting under a bench.

The horror of it!

If the Home Office were to publish the number of boys and girls who have been killed or suffered hand or arm amputations in recent times the public would be aghast.

Is This Progress ?

We are supposed to have progressed a lot since the middle of the nineteenth century, when five-years-old children were employed in the Potteries and consumption withered thousands of young lives in the cotton industry. Have we?

Overworked

There can be no doubt that long hours, with the extreme fatigue they bring to men, women, and children, are the greatest single cause of industrial accidents. In too many trades the 48-hour week is a myth.

That the great British nation should permit prolonged hours of labour for young people when in certain other countries the hours for adults are being fixed at a much lower level should cause widespread indignation and agitation.

Safety First

We are not blaming the factory inspectorate. Despite being handicapped by lack of numbers and lack of power, it is performing valuable work..

But we do condemn the Government policy which fails to assure men, women, and children in industry the maximum of safety. It is safety the British worker wants—not the additional risk, if anything happens, of trying to survive on niggardly compensation.

Means Test Crime

A letter before us received from the Wigan district reveals another astonishing Means Test crime. Father was on the Means Test. Because his daughter was receiving 12s. "dole" this was taken into account. Then the daughter got into trouble and the man wouldn't marry her.

When the baby came the mother's Health Insurance had run out and she received no benefit for a month. An application by her father for extra benefit was rejected. His daughter and the child were not dependent on him, so he was told.

A Different Story

Eventually the father of the child was ordered to pay 7s. 6d. a week maintenance. When the girl's father reported this the Means Test people made their monstrous master-stroke. They have deducted 6s. a week off the unfortunate girl's father.

So although told earlier that his daughter and her infant were not dependent on him, now he has to provide for another man's child with the 1s. 6d. a week left. Could stupid cruelty go much further?

On the Panel

It is time the question was raised whether the panel system is spoiling doctors. Professor R. J. Johnstone, of Belfast, is uneasy about the younger practitioners who find the panel practice gives them an assured income without any incentive to study and improve their efficiency.

Some young doctors sit in their rooms and just gather in the kudos while their patients, who actually are paying them quite handsomely, often shiver in mouldy surgeries awaiting very indifferent treatment.

"Any Damn Thing"

Take, for instance, a case reported at Preston, where an approved society complained that "A.D.T."—meaning "any damn thing"—was written by a panel doctor on a certificate of incapacity before he substituted it with the very informative word "Debility."

Very much hurt at this treatment, the relatives of the patient concerned took another doctor's opinion. He said the patient was suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis.

Room for some reform here.

Vanishing Veterans

They say old soldiers never die. But the mortality rate among war pensioners is now 6 per cent. higher than for the rest of the population—sixteen per thousand against ten per thousand.

Mr. Ramsbotham, M.P.: Slash red tape!

With these men's disabilities perhaps some rate above the normal is to be expected. But it is higher than it need be. Red Tape in the Pensions Ministry is denying thousands of men the adequate pensions and the medical and surgical treatment they need.. Our postbag shows it, and Mrs. Ramsbotham, the Minister concerned, should start slashing some of it.

Queer Hospitality

Here is a tragic side to the domestic service problem. A number of households have overcome the problem of securing help by engaging Austrian girls who are glad to come here for a specified period to improve their English. It is a qualification which means a lot to them when they return home.

But a report reaches us that some of these girls are being subjected to such drudgery, added to the loneliness of being in a strange land, that a number of cases of attempted suicide are being investigated.

The Steel Racket

A struggling firm of structural engineers has sent us evidence of how the operations of the steel "ring" are almost compelling them to close down.

This is a small business which, on principle, refuses to join the "ring." As a result it is finding it almost impossible to secure supplies to complete contracts. When mills do see fit to accommodate their orders this firm is penalised by having to pay an extra premium of 30s. a ton on all supplies—because they are outside the ring.

"Ringing" the Changes

Documents in our possession show that where the steel mills do not ask to be excused from tendering, the delivery dates they give make a transaction out of the question.

We exposed this menace of monopoly in the steel industry a couple of weeks ago. In this case there seems no doubt that a concern struggling to keep going is being victimised because it will not agree to destruction, by minimum price-fixing, of legitimate competition.

New Pauperdom

Though the cost of living is increasing rapidly—it is now nine points higher than it was a year ago—the Government refuses either to increase the inadequate 10s. a week old-age pension, or even to institute an enquiry into the question.

Armament manufacturers must get their big profits, but the old people—many of whom fought in the last war—must go short. We thought the days when the old people were driven into pauperdom had gone for ever. Apparently the Government is doing its best to restore them.

We Sniff

What's in a smell? Ask the people who live near the Mogden Sewerage Works, Isleworth, Middlesex. This sewage scheme—which cost six and a half million pounds—is providing such obnoxious odours as to give local residents pains in the neck as well as in the nose and head. Small wonder they are becoming nervy and alarmed.

And although the M.O.H., in an apologetic letter, admits it "sounds cold comfort," we think it savours of cold cheek to suggest to distressed residents that "if one realises that an unpleasant smell is not harmful one can then endeavour to ignore it"!

Penalising Mothers

With the idea of combing out alleged malingerers the Minister of Health has ordered an enquiry into the high proportion of sickness and benefit claims by married women under the health insurance scheme.

In Scotland it has been discovered that a great deal of illness among married women is traceable to causes brought about by maternity.

No doubt it is the same in England. It is folly appealing to mothers to have more children and then cutting off their insurance benefit because motherhood naturally leaves them with some weakness.

Bobby "Dazzlers"

The law is too officious at times—even where the much-maligned motorist is concerned. Here's a man driving a car with the latest type black ... chromium number-plates as provided the makers.

Highly efficient in the day-time ... plates, but a hawk-eyed police officer Bath couldn't read one at night. Cu... surface and light at each end mad... "dazzle," he said. Brought be... court, where there is talk of a test ... motorist is fined 5s.

But if the law considers these pl... unsuitable, why don't the author... inform the manufacturers before pe... ising many other unsuspecting motor... who are using them in perfectly ... faith?

Free Country?

Not all foreigners are encouraged ... think that England is a free coun... An Austrian who came here to sp... his holiday and savings was ordered ... the Customs to deposit £12 as guar... tee that he wouldn't sell his cam... during the vacation.

As he hadn't got enough spare ... he had to surrender his camera—... content himself with the purchase ... picture postcards.

The Tax Dodgers

More than once we have been s... gered to learn of men high in the so... scale who appear to prosper by not p... ing their income tax.

People who often display indig... rage at the k... ing of a dog, ... who would ... through fire ... water for ... honour of the ... school," appear ... glorify in this c... mon cheating ... the State.

Sir John Simon: Chase 'em!

Over five mil... pounds was ... volved in cha... of income ... fraud and eva... in 1935. An ... justification ... Sir John Si... promising dra... action against ... tax dodgers.

Maybe we ... hope that now the harassed small ... will be given a respite while the inco... tax collectors go after some of t... queer big fish.

A Straight Tip

From time to time we have had to ... attention to the administration of s... of the Home Office Approved School ... which children are sent after Bum... headed old J.P.s have snatched t... away from their parents.

Now we think the Home Secre... should say something about having ... enquiry into the Northenden R... School at Sale.

He admits that during the past ... eight girls have absconded from th... Mr. Hepworth, M.P., hinted to him ... the House of Commons that the ... and treatment there are perhaps not ... they might be. He should find ou... once.

KNOCK-OUTS

A London Surgeon:—"It is pos... that one in seventy of the popula... has useful sight in one eye only."—*... one-eyed world.*

* * *

Herr Hitler:—"Modernism in ar... a decadent by-product of Bolshe... Jewish corruption."—*What about ... art in paper-hanging?*

* * *

Prof. W. K. Hancock:—"Europe ... society, but is not a body politic."—... *body lunatic, more likely.*

* * *

Mr. Herbert Read:—"We won ... war because we did not particul... believe in it."—*Believe it—or not!*

GREAT Road Betrayal

Two-and-a-half years have gone since the Government promised an expenditure of £100,000,000 on the 5-years' plan for giving us better, safer roads. Where are the roads?

HERE'S something Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha didn't think of when he was Minister of Transport.

The other Leslie—Dr. Burgin, the present holder of the office—is flying over the roads of Britain trying to find out what's wrong with them.

We invite him to come out of the clouds. We want him to come to earth. Then we'll tell him what he wants to know.

For instance, he flew the length of the main artery from London to the North the other day and saw, we hope, some very pretty scenery.

There's no need to go flying to find out that the Great North Road, the A1 of our national network, was built 1,700 years ago to accommodate Roman legions plodding forward at less than four miles an hour—and has not yet been adapted to modern road traffic.

Nor can you find out in a cockpit that that road is controlled by thirty-one different authorities, which accounts not only for the extraordinary variations of width and surface, but the fact that it is still not wide enough to take more than one traffic line in each direction along 190 of its 316 miles of length.

We hope he noticed from the air that the Leicestershire County Council has turned its particular inheritance from the Roman road builders into one of the finest stretches of arterial road in the kingdom.

That's all very well. But that ends at the Leicestershire-Nottinghamshire boundary.

Dr. Leslie Burgin hasn't got to go up in an aeroplane to learn that when Nottinghamshire was asked whether she would like to continue the good work she said, in effect: "Why should we? Our stretch is quite safe. We're not influenced by what other counties choose to do."

Easy to see what goes on.

"Come on, boys—six abreast if you like," says the county.

Then the particular road passes a boundary post—and it is a case of heaven help those motorists if they drive even two abreast along the same road in the next county.

★

No, Dr. Burgin mustn't spend too long in the air looking for what's wrong with our roads.

That will keep him away from his desk at the Ministry of Transport offices, and so stop him from learning that one of the main things that's wrong is the Ministry of Transport itself.

Even in countries like Germany and Italy, that do some things so badly, there are growing fast networks of roads along which freighters can go fifty miles an hour in safety.

We're not recommending fifty-miles-an-hour cities. Not on our roads, anyhow. But we do know that roads designed for fifty-miles-an-hour cities are safer for the ordinary motorist, cyclist, pedestrian and pedestrian than our present twisting, turning, constricted roads.

Germany has already completed 4,400 miles of her network—is employing 130,000 men building still more. We in this country don't know such roads—complete with fly-overs and tunnels so that users of roads that cross them don't risk other people's lives or run in risk of their own.

Italy, impoverished by the wars of a madman, is doing still better. A bigger network, theirs, designed for cars to go six abreast. Dead straight, safe even for the hundred-miles-an-hour speed-merchant—whom we don't like.

If we praise such roads, it is only because we know them to be safe for the common-sense driver—the man who is blamed for everything which goes wrong over the face of the English countryside.

After all, this twenty, thirty or forty miles an hour plodder is the fellow who pays the piper in this country. He paid £26,894,278 by way of road licence dues alone in the last complete six months—and that is only part of what he pays.

He pays the piper—but there isn't any tune.

There are, instead, about 550 road deaths a month.

Nearly 72,000 have been killed on the roads in the last eleven years—more than two million injured. And here comes August, worst month of all.

It is the British motorist who is to blame, according to many people, who little realise how, in other countries, the speedsters can go their fastest without hurting anybody—although why they want to go so fast we don't know.

Nobody notices how far the Ministry of Transport is to blame—not even the Minister.

For years past the Ministry has been throwing out a smoke cloud to camouflage its own shortcomings—blaming the motorist.

Never have they admitted what is now so obvious to the least initiated—that the majority of casualties and the need for endless irksome restrictions on motorists are due to faulty road construction.

Last year the total road casualties rose by 3,084 to 198,978—6,561 of them killed.

"It wasn't my fault," cries the motorist in anguish. "The child ran into the road." And most probably it wasn't the poor fellow's fault.

★

The child was never born, and never will be, who doesn't do the rash thing sometimes.

And the car has never been made, and probably never will be, that can pull up dead—absolutely dead—when manœuvring a blind corner.

You can't rely on human reflexes to respond infallibly and instantaneously to such emergencies.

But you can cut out the blind corner.

Yet the Ministry of Transport is still spreading the fable that only 3.8 per cent. of the casualties are due to bad road conditions. It puts so much blame on the human element—not considering that where the human element fails at cross-roads, level crossings, dangerous junctions, blind corners, and so on, it is often wicked to put the blame on the individual.

It is damnable, if the human element is so liable to fail, that the Ministry should perpetuate those hundreds of thousands of traps that exist for the human element.

Mr. G. T. Bennett, County Surveyor to the Oxfordshire County Council, has been keeping his eyes open, his brain active.

He has found over a period of two years that 50 per cent. of the fatal accidents on the roads of Oxfordshire are due to defective road lay-out: that is to say, those accidents took place at cross-roads, junctions, bad bends, curves.

Would our flying Minister of Roads blame the human element for that?

After such junctions and so on had been improved along one of the worst twelve-mile stretches there were no fatal accidents at all along that length of road.

★

In Scotland it has been demonstrated that when a road was divided to give dual carriageways casualties went down by 80 per cent.—*despite the fact that traffic had increased by 34 per cent.*

And "only 3.8 per cent. of the casualties are due to bad road construction," says the Minister of Transport. It makes one wonder whether a car and its occupants must disappear through a hole in the earth before the road is to blame.

There has been more camouflage on the part of the Ministry.

We were the first journal in the land to tell the British public all about the great Five Years' Plan—how, at an expenditure of £100,000,000, the roads of this country were going to be completely transformed in five years.

That was nearly 2½ years ago. That means half the time has been spent—but not half the money. In fact, only £6,451,781 has been spent to date.

Dr. Burgin, the new Transport Minister, need not seek solutions in the clouds. We can tell him what's wrong

We don't admit that we let our readers down. Those plans have been deserted. What it really amounts to is that the Government let the country down.

There is plenty of scope for spending the odd 93½ millions—even if there isn't much time.

In fact, we'll all forgive the Government if it can carry out its Five Years' Plan in seven years. And that means starting at once.

Let Dr. Burgin come out of his aeroplane.

★

Taking the long view, let us give careful attention to the Town Planning enthusiasts who don't see why such cities as London, Glasgow, Birmingham, and Manchester should spread themselves everywhere—thirty other towns like Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Leicester do much the same in a more limited way.

Satellite towns would help to solve the problem.

Then it is agreed that 2,000 miles of new roads are wanted—that they would cost no more than adapting old ones. Let's have them.

Then there is that £54,000,000 a year that is confiscated by the Exchequer from the dues paid by motorists. That should buy us something like road users of the Continent are getting.

No, let Dr. Burgin get back to his office desk—and then he'll find out that it's the roads that are wrong more often than the human element.

The most careless man in the world isn't going to fall over a cliff if there is no cliff. That may sound stupid—but it isn't as stupid as some of the arguments it is intended to answer.

There are plenty of people who know that there's a lot wrong with the roads of Britain.

And they didn't have to go up in an aeroplane to find out.

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

BIG NEW *Bucket Shop* SWINDLE

SINCE the Government began its investigation of share-pushing and since the recent heavy sentences imposed on fraudulent stock-brokers, bucket shops have almost disappeared from the City of London.

Anyhow, they are no longer to be found in their former guise of peddlers of worthless gold-mine, oil, and similar shares.

But the public is still being heavily imposed on by the financial rogues who have survived. Most of them are now gulling small investors by persuading them to subscribe temporary loans for the purpose of operating what are called "trading pools" in commodities.

* * *

The principal exponent of this ramp has been a firm named Messrs. Ward, Daw and Co., of London Street, E.C.

It has obtained from the public a sum estimated at not less than £200,000 for supposed transactions in the importation of copper, tin, rubber, shellac, diamonds, tea and cocoa.

Most of the money has been obtained in small units from people to whom the loss of their portion means ruin.

And, from the information in the possession of JOHN BULL, there can be little doubt that they have lost practically everything.

Behind the firm of Ward, Daw and Co. is an individual who calls himself Robert W. Daw. He is supposed to have left London at present for health reasons.

The authorities must bring him back.

Before this man Daw went away for his "health holiday," his numerous dupes were informed by letter that the business had been acquired by a firm styling itself Sir John Seton and Co., of Tooks Court, Chancery Lane, W.C.

They then received a letter from Sir John Seton and Co. confirming the statement that Ward, Daw and Co.'s business had been "taken over" and expressing the hope that Setons might receive the support previously extended to Daw. Such a letter could not possibly have been sent out if Setons had been aware of the dangerous activities of Daw.

This intervention by Sir John Seton and Co., whoever they may be, has been most unfortunate. They "took over" exactly nothing.

The best they have been able to achieve is a long exchange of letters with Daw's lawyers, at the end of which they have repudiated the agreement to acquire the business in which so many small investors have been fleeced.

While they waited for Sir John Seton and Co. to save them, Robert Daw himself took advantage of the delay to go completely into hiding. So much so that even his solicitor does not now know his address, and writs cannot be served on him.

Native African cocoa brokers begin the transactions by which the dupes of Robert Daw were chiefly to make incredible profits

* * *

It is to be hoped that no longer will time be lost in bringing Daw to account.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred of his victims are inexperienced people, who have been caught by the tempting bait of a monthly dividend at the rate of 60 per cent. per annum on the preposterous scheme of trading pools with which Daw has refashioned the old type of bucket shop.

Blinded Girl Martyr

NO problem is causing greater and graver concern to the trade union movement than the obstinacy with which the Government continues to resist reform of the Workmen's Compensation Acts.

If the need for their drastic overhaul has not yet been realised by everyone it should be made vivid by the fate of Miss Kathleen Gibson, of Healey Avenue, Heywood, near Bury.

* * *

Miss Gibson has lost an eye in consequence of an accident which befel her in the mill.

What compensation would you think a previously normal, unmarried woman of twenty-four is entitled to receive for so serious an injury and disfigurement?

At the rate of some hundreds of pounds, at least, you would say.

Well, Miss Gibson's compensation has been assessed at the rate of 4s. 7d. (*four shillings and sevenpence*) per week!

Actually, her former employers, in whose mill the accident happened and where she had worked for ten years, made an application in the county court a few days ago that payment of compensation of any kind to her should be terminated altogether.

* * *

Miss Gibson was employed as what is called a ring spinner at the mill, where a driving belt broke and struck and burst her eye. The surgeons found that the only possible way to deal with the injury was to remove the eye.

She has been in hospital in Bury on four occasions for treatment and been presented with a bill for £12 from the institution.

Judge A. T. Crosthwaite could do no more—such is the law

Without any means—she is almost destitute, in fact—it was impossible for her to meet this demand. She lives with her widowed mother and a young brother, and all they have, since Miss Gibson's accident, is 22s. 6d. a week for food, clothing and light after rent has been paid.

The consequences of Miss Gibson's injury are that she:

Becomes dizzy when she tries to polish the floor;

Takes twenty-five minutes to walk a mile;

Cannot go to a dance;

Had to leave the cinema on her only visit since the accident, because of "spots" which appeared on the screen;

Has lost a stone and a half in weight;

Suffers continuously from headaches;

Suffers from acute nervous disorder and "flops" after fifteen minutes' housework;

Cannot read for more than two minutes.

But when Miss Gibson's former employers applied to the court to be relieved of payment of compensation to her, doctors said on their behalf that she was perfectly fit to attempt any job, that her violent headaches were not due to her eye injury and that her symptoms and suffering were imaginative!

* * *

The judge who heard the employers' application to deprive Miss Gibson of compensation expressed the greatest sympathy with her for having, as he said, suffered so terrible an injury and such a grievous loss.

But such is the law that, on the evidence presented to him on behalf of the mill-owners, he could do no more than advise her to "make the best of it" and to grant her compensation at the rate of 4s. 7d. a week.

Much was said in court to the effect that Miss Gibson could quite well follow her employment again. *We would like to hear of any mill-owner in all Lancashire who will offer or allow a one-eyed woman in her condition to go again among the machinery of his mill.*

In the next Parliamentary session the Government proposes to allow time for a debate on workers' compensation. It might well be focused, when it takes place, on the plight of Kathleen Gibson.

Mystery AIR-RAID Scheme

IT is the opinion of every thinking citizen and the responsible heads of the Government that war in the next few years is almost inevitable!

On whose authority is that assertion made?

The voice speaking is that of the Air Raid Protection Association, of Regent Street, London, S.W., which has inaugurated a campaign to waken up the citizens of Britain to the perils of aerial bombardment.

* * *

Let us say, right away, that we have no idea what this Association is, how it came into being or who is behind it. Neither have the authorities. It is a mystery organisation which is not even registered in accordance with the law.

Yet, in its literature which is being circulated throughout the country, the A.R.P.A. states that its progress is being carefully watched by every foreign Power and that the stronger it becomes the better the chance of peace.

"When War comes," exclaim the pamphlets of the A.R.P.A., "it will start in the twinkling of an eye, without previous warning to the General Public. The first happening will be fierce attacks by massed aeroplanes, on a scale hitherto unknown, over the principal towns, cities and ports of the British Isles. Incendiary, High Explosive and spreading Gas Bombs will all play their parts.

Wing-Commander J. Hodsoll, British air raids chief

"One day of War in the Air over England," it goes on, "will cause untold damage to property, even although every possible precaution may be taken by the Authorities to protect the lives of civilians."

That is where the A.R.P.A. proposes to step in. It is out to make the homes of the nation gasproof—an undertaking which it would surely be far too dangerous to leave to an unknown and anonymous private commercial concern.

But the A.R.P.A. is to go much further than that. It also intends to provide insurance against any kind of air raid damage to its members, who, incidentally, are invited to send half-a-crown to the Association when they enrol.

Coming from an upstart and mysterious body like this, the offer of large scale insurance against war risks is a piece of colossal, almost astounding impudence.

* * *

No insurance company—not even Lloyd's itself—will accept any insurance against damage by aerial bombardment. Private enterprise cannot afford to do so and even the Treasury experts have so far been unable to provide the Government and the country with a scheme of writing such risks.

That this strange Air Raid Protection Association should have entered the field without resources, without known directors, without anything, in fact, except the half-crowns which it can extract from the credulous, is brazen effrontery.

In a scene like this the Chattey's home will be sold over their heads for a trifling debt. Their offer to pay it has been refused

Home Sold for 27s. Debt

FOR an original debt of *no more than twenty-seven shillings*, owing to a Sussex municipal authority, an Englishman is having the house he owns sold over his head.

He and his elderly wife are to be driven into the gutter—without power of appeal, without possibility of redress. They are the victims of an Act of Parliament almost unbelievable in its ruthlessness, which has been set in operation against them by Shoreham-by-Sea Urban District Council.

It is indeed a case which passes belief.

* * *

The sufferers are Mr.. and Mrs. P. W. Chattey, of 13, Adur Drive, Shoreham, and these are the facts:—

Mr. Chattey is an ex-soldier. He served his country during the Boer War and in the Great War He was wounded in South Africa and draws a disability pension of 10s. 6d. a week.

Some years ago, Mr. Chattey bought a house in Adur Drive, Shoreham, at a cost of £500. He put all his savings into the transaction and obtained the assistance of a mortgage from a building society. He hoped for happiness and undisturbed old age in this little home of his own.

But life proved a grim struggle. His physical disability, due to war service, prevented him keeping regular work. The pension and small assistance from relatives was his only income, except that each Christmas time he was taken on as an emergency sorter at the local post office.

* * *

At best he could he faced his financial liabilities. With a desperate struggle. payments on the house were maintained.

Then Adur Drive was taken over by the urban council and the road made up. The cost to Chattey, as a house owner, was £19 6s. 3d. Payment, spread over a term of years, was to be by instalments of 27s.

With the first instalment, Chattey fell in arrears. He was contriving by all possible means to gather together money for rates, and he could not manage to put aside the additional 27s..

So the machinery of compulsory collection was put in force. The Urban District Council of Shoreham-by-Sea decided it would invoke powers under the Private Street Works Act, 1892, and sell the house to recover the road charges!

This month another road charge instalment of 27s. became due. By desperate effort, Chattey managed to save the full amount owing to the council. He sent the sum of £2 14s., representing the two instalments, to the council offices.

And that payment was refused because it did not include the Council's costs, totalling £9 7s.—nearly seven times the amount of the original debt.

Hoardings in the town now advertise that, "By order of the Shoreham-by-Sea Urban District Council," public auction is to be held in the Town Hall of Mr. Chattey's home.

The house, value £500, to be sold; an elderly man and his wife made homeless—just because the council wants 27s. and the costs of its agents.

It is true the law is on the side of the Shoreham Council.

But it is a terrible law which entitles a local authority and its officers to take action so inhuman.

* * *

We give this case, in all its starkness, to show the lengths to which local government autocracy in Britain is permitted by the Legislature.

Worse still, there are indications that in many places, far from Shoreham, this kind of treatment of small house-owners may soon be rife. Only a few days ago, at Leicester, Judge Galbraith, K.C., said that all over the country people are having shocks over this matter.

Tragic 'More Babies' Riddle

THE other day Sir Kingsley Wood, the Minister of Health, pleaded with the married women of Britain to increase the country's population. He could not understand why they did not have large families like their mothers and grandmothers.

Within twenty-four hours a steelworks labourer—Mr. C. W. Peal, of the Wressle Houses, Broughton, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire—wrote to the Health Minister, gave one of the chief reasons why women are limiting their families and asked for advice in his own case.

* * *

It is a particularly pathetic case, and might have been thought that Sir Kingsley Wood would have given it urgent and special consideration.

Not so. All that Mr. Peal has received is a printed postcard acknowledging receipt of his communication.

The reason why—in the light of the Minister's speech—Mr. Peal was seeking official guidance was that in the next few days he had to appear in the county court to answer a summons for possession of his house.

The landlord was asking for the authority of the court to eject him because his wife had borne him too many children—nine in all.

The Peal's home was wanted by the landlord, also, so that it could be let to a couple who have no family.

Mr. Peal did not owe him any rent. There was no other reason for the application to have him put in the street than that he and his wife happened to have done their duty to society and the State.

Parenthood alone condemned them.

And Peal is a man of excellent character, respected both by his workmates and the community in which he lives. He had a proud record as a soldier during the Great War when he was twice gassed.

The repayment for that and for his wife bearing a family, he told the court, was that he had to face this threat of eviction.

"It appears that in these modern times," Peal stated to the judge, "it is a crime to have a family. If people have large families the high road to the workhouse seems to be the only place for them."

The man was not exaggerating at all when he said that. There is now no other place for him to go to with his wife and children except the workhouse. Among them, when they go there, will be one of his daughters who recently gained a high school scholarship and who is on the threshold of a promising career.

* * *

"Why should the fact that I have children deprive me of a house to live in?" Peal asked the court.

There was no answer.

There could not be one.

If his children, he added, were destructive or likely to cause damage to the house, he would not object to a notice to quit. But there was no suggestion or evidence that they were anything of the kind.

The attention of the court was directed to the Minister of Health's appeal to the mothers of the nation to breed more children.

"One of the answers to that," said Mr. Peal, "is the summons I have received."

* * *

Great numbers of women, he also suggested, would be happy to have children, but they did not bear them for the reason that they were frightened of being turned out into the street.

In a final appeal to save him and his family from the workhouse, Mr. Peal said he was certain that God did not send children into the world to be torn apart from their parents and sent into such places. He asked at least for five months' grace so that he could scrape together enough money to pay the purchase deposit on another house.

It was all in vain.

The law, as it stands, had to be administered. The judge had no choice but to grant possession of the house to the landlord. He showed the utmost compassion which the law allows him by suspending the order to quit for two months.

Not until he justifies this treatment of Peal and his family, and of countless other families in similar straits, can the Minister of Health, or any other Government spokesman, honestly renew the appeal for more babies.

THE PALM *for* MEANNESS

MUNICIPAL meanness could not be carried to greater lengths than the exploitation of a helpless disabled soldier and his family for the profit of the ratepayers.

Such a case, however, has to be recorded.

It concerns a man named Albert Heywood who, after three years' active service with the infantry in the Great War, was invalided out of the Army in consequence of having contracted epilepsy.

It was officially admitted that his condition, which made him useless for a civilian career, was wholly due to his experiences in the trenches. His disability was recognised by the grant of a permanent pension of 10s. a week—his only income since the war.

Nearly four years ago, after sixteen years spent almost constantly in hospitals, Heywood was admitted to the Langho Colony, an institution belonging to the Manchester Corporation.

* * *

He has been there ever since except for a period of some weeks when a dispute arose between Manchester and the adjoining borough of Salford as to which of them was responsible for him.. Until the argument was settled and the verdict given against Salford, the poor man was actually removed to and detained in the mental ward of an institution for paupers!

Ald. Joe Toole, Manchester Lord Mayor, should take up this scandal with Salford

Ever since he became a patient in Langho Colony, the authorities have appropriated every penny of Heywood's weekly pension of ten shillings..

That is not enough for them. They want 33s. a week for his maintenance, and Heywood's family has now been informed that it will have to contribute the balance of 23s.

What does Heywood do in the Langho Colony?

Since the day he arrived there he has worked for his keep. At first he did odd jobs, such as cleaning out the day-room and dining-room, cleaning shoes and so on.

But now he is assistant storekeeper in the institution, working from 8 a.m. until 5 p.m. from Monday to Friday, and from 8 a.m. to mid-day on Saturday—a forty-four hour week, excluding meal hours.

* * *

What wages is he paid?

None. All he receives is a small weekly allowance of tobacco.

Yet, not only is he deprived of his pension, but his family is being ordered to pay a further 23s. per week for his maintenance!

This kind of civic profit-making is the last tragic word in the story of the shameful treatment of Britain's broken war veterans.

C A N D I D C O M M U N I C A T I O N

Paltry Pensions For Police

Modern Workhouse Mites—Victims of Palaver—Bakers' Fight for Daylight

Must do something for police pensioners with serious grievance

DEAR SIR SAMUEL HOARE,—A matter which ought to commend itself to you is the consideration of a serious grievance over pensions felt by a large number of ex-Service police officers who joined the police shortly after the end of the war.

These officers are not permitted to count their war service years towards their ultimate police pension, and are thus adversely affected in comparison with men—too young to have seen war service—who are now in the ranks of the police.

This is one particularly glaring case of the hardship I want to bring to your notice. It is a fair example of what may happen.

Recently P.C. Charles Privett was retired from the "T" Division of the Metropolitan Police as medically unfit after seventeen years' service and received the *magnificent* pension of £68 2s. a year.

Now this is Privett's record:

* * *

He was a soldier between the years 1906 and 1913. In July, 1914, he was accepted for probationary training as a Metropolitan policeman. He was, in effect, almost a policeman, but not quite. With the outbreak of war, Privett as an Army Reservist was recalled to the Colours. He served in France until October, 1918, and was demobilised in March, 1919.

Again he entered Peel House—the police school—and was eventually sworn in as a constable on July 21, 1919, under the provisions of the Metropolitan Police Act, 1890.

Two years later the Police Pensions Act was passed and made to affect all men who joined the police forces of the country after July 1, 1919.

* * *

Instead of the twenty-five years' service for which he contracted on enrolment, Privett would have to have served thirty years in the police before he could have attained a maximum pension—an impossibility because of his age.

His war service; his earlier Army service are of no use to him for police pension purposes.

That is why Charles Privett, after serving the State in Army and police for no fewer than twenty-eight years of his life receives from a grateful country a pension of £68 2s.

In the Metropolitan Police alone there are approximately 1,500 men similarly affected by these pension anomalies. Throughout the country there are many more.

Something must be done for them, sir, and only you, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Home Affairs, can do it.—JOHN BULL.

Sir T. INSKIP (Defence Minister): Glad we become stronger day by day, but our savings are looking anæmic.—JOHN BULL.

Judge KONSTAM,
Dartford County Court

DEAR JUDGE KONSTAM,—I welcome your utterances in a case before you when you said of Messrs. Automatic Salesmen, Ltd.: "This company send two men round who do some adroit palavering and adroit legerdemain to get people to put their signatures to an agreement."

"If this company were honest," you said, "there would be no need whatever for a fitter to come in. It is quite obvious that the only reason for his presence is to witness the signature of the front of the document. No counterpart is left and then the shopkeeper finds he has been cheated."

Of their traveller Gell, you said that you had no doubt that the defendant's signature had been obtained by fraud.

If only my warnings had been regarded in the past, your Honour would not have been troubled with these cases. —JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—Large numbers of children are still living in ordinary workhouse wards. Your last annual report to Parliament admits it.

Though you have told local authorities they must end this out-of-date state of affairs, many have not yet done so. You have the power to make them. Why not use it as you do when a P.A.C. gives its derelicts a higher standard of relief than you think fit?—JOHN BULL.

Hon. VINCENT MASSEY: If Canada wants more British customers why shut shop against our emigrating "travellers"?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. W. BANFIELD, M.P.,
General Secretary, Bakers' Union

DEAR SIR,—Glad you intend to continue your fifty years' fight for the abolition of night baking. Possibilities of reform under the Factories Bill were cunningly side-tracked to await departmental committee's report—the Government's artful way of doing nothing.

Report now issued can please nobody but the master bakers and, apparently, those mythical hordes of sturdy Britons who would cry their eyes out if they couldn't get warm rolls for breakfast.—JOHN BULL.

Very Rev. W. E. R. MORROW,
Chelmsford Cathedral

VERY REV. SIR,—I cannot go all the way with you in your claim that contacts with the United States have debased Britain's morals.

But I am revolted, as I am sure yourself and all decent Britons and Americans will be, to learn that even before the search for the gallant Amelia Earhart was concluded a couple of American Tin Pan Alley merchants were trying to cash-in on the tragedy.

"They needed an Angel in Heaven, so God took the Queen of the Air," was the title of a song they submitted for publication, which demonstrated their appalling lack of good taste.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. S. AMERY, M.P.: Isn't it warm enough without reviving hot-and-bothering War Debt wrangles.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM LAX, J.P.,
Newcastle-on-Tyne

DEAR SIR,—You were told the pathetic story of how two children were found locked in a room, ravenously hungry, but afraid to eat bread in a cupboard because their mother would thrash them.

This fiend, Teresa Taylor, who was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, often locked the children in while she went out drinking. There was a difference of opinion whether she should not get six months, but I understand the feelings of some of your colleagues who wished they could have sentenced her to six years. I would have liked to have given her some bread and water diet as well.—JOHN BULL.

GEORGE WILLIAM AUGER,
Rochester

SIR,—Consider yourself lucky that the city magistrates let you off with fines totalling £85. You attempted to defraud the local rating authority of amounts as small as 4s. 10d. by getting refunds for houses which you wrongfully claimed were unoccupied.

For a man who owns 150 houses in the district and other properties elsewhere this was paltry, to say the least.

I know you are seventy-seven and have had some worries, but you are also old enough to know that you have been fined before for rating offences.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. WILSON (Bishop of Chelmsford): Not so sure jingo spirit has departed by jingo!—JOHN BULL.

Earl BALDWIN,
House of Lords

MY LORD,—Here's the hand of good fellowship offering you congratulations on celebrating the seventieth anniversary of your birthday. May all your pipes draw sweetly, and may the warm sunshine of many healthy and happy days to come shine upon your well-worn coronet.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR MR. BROWN,—When you open your mouth I do not like my dog to bark. But in spite of your "safe forecast" that this year there will be a record number of people registered as insured employed persons I must remind you that in the Special Areas we still have more than 25 per cent. of unemployment. Call that prosperity? Bow wow! —JOHN BULL.

Not From the B.B.C.

Hair Manœuvres

The cat's authentic whiskers!

IF you do not wish to fail as a fascinating male,
Then accept a friendly tip
From a bloke who ought to know, and proceed at once to grow
A moustache upon your lip—
This, at any rate, the view is
Of an expert, William Lewis.

Though on fungus you're not keen, when the heroes of the screen,
Like William Powell and Co.,
Set the fashion, you and I must our energies apply
To the culture of a mo—
Or our aspect will embarrass
Connoisseurs like Eileen Harris!

From Mr. William Lewis, described (don't ask me why) as "ace hairdresser," comes the information that moustaches are returning to fashion. And from Miss Eileen Harris (whose claim to fame is confined to the announcement that she is "of Etheldene Avenue, Muswell Hill"), comes the communiqué: "A kiss without a moustache is like strawberries without cream."

So far the Great Daily which has been investigating this matter has not sought the views of Miss Gertie Jones, of Aspidistra Boulevard, Southend-sur-Mer. Nor has it asked for mine. All the same, I mean to give them. No, don't thank me; it's just a part of the Y.Z. service.

All my life I have been clean-shaven. Even as an infant my nursemaid assured me it suited my classic type of beauty. And so, by the expenditure of much coin and not a little blood, I have remained a clean-cut, clean-limbed, clean-lipped young Englishman.

AND now I am being told that I must depart from this ideal. "Films," says Mr. Lewis, "influence men, directly or through their women friends, and several big stars are growing moustaches."

Maybe these male cuties of Hollywood have their reasons, since it isn't every man who can afford to be a nudist where his upper lip is concerned. There is, for instance, a theory that if some vamp in the pay of Trotsky could remove Stalin's moustache while he slept, that gent. would be reduced to a condition of Samson after his historic haircut.

But if Miss Harris's views are representative, Comrade Stalin would only have to appear in Muswell Hill for the lasses in the cantonment to prance round him like Russian ballerinas, hoping he would throw them to the coreski by using his weeping willow appendage to remove some of that lipstick.

FRANKLY, I find the whole business vastly depressing. Those critics who complain of this country being represented at the Paris Exhibition as if its chief industries were huntin', shootin' and fishin' are amply justified, seeing that for years shavin' is what has distinguished the boys of the Bulldog breed from lesser breeds without the lore of the safety razor.

Yet now, cynical and disillusioned, we have to listen while girls who once looked to us for lip service ecstatically inform of hirsute rivals:

On my strawb'rries you're the cream!
You're the height of my esteem!
You're the arrow barbed to slay me!
Kisses innocent of hair
Do not get me anywhere—
Yours to Paradise convey me!

You're my honey, I'm the bee!
You're the fruit on Eden's tree!
When you kiss all clean-shaved frisker
Seem devoid of bite and sting!
You're my all, my everything—
You're the cat's authentic whiskers!

Y. Z.

A Dream of SAFETY

Mr. Joseph Jones, C.B.E., J.P. (right), President of the Miners' Federation, with other delegates at the Blackpool Conference, at which the possibility of amalgamating all mining unions was discussed

By A. G. GARDINER

ONE lesson of the Harworth dispute has not been in vain. It dominated the conference of the Mine-workers' Federation at Blackpool, and the presence of Mr. Spencer, of the Nottinghamshire Miners' Industrial Union, for the first time since 1926, is full of significance.

That lesson is the wisdom of the United Front. An army that is at cross-purposes is an army that is doomed to failure.

It may have local successes, but it loses the campaign, for without a united front it has no comprehensive strategy.

There was never a time when the mining community needed a united front more than to-day, which makes it regrettable that a resolution urging the executive of the Federation to take the lead in promoting unity should have been defeated.

The voting was 284,000 against 259,000 who were in favour of the United Front.

Coal is not the king it once was. New competitors in power production have appeared in the field and British trade, which was the foundation of British commercial supremacy, has to fight for its place in the sun.

Its position in the past was so unchallenged that inefficient methods, incompetent administration and bad organisation could be tolerated without ruinous consequences.

The margin was so great that there was profit for all—good dividends for the owners and good wages for the workers.

But the competition of oil, water and electricity as sources of power has brought a revolution in supply which can only be offset by a revolution in methods and organisation.

The old haphazard and go-as-you-please ways have to give place to scientific and large-scale operation in which the State, the owners and the men all have their part to play.

And no share in the change-over is more vital than that which falls to the miners themselves. They have been hard-hit by the revolution, and no chapter in the history of the post-war years is more tragic than that which relates to the mining communities, whether in South Wales, Durham or Lanarkshire.

There is no need to stress the human aspects of the miner's calling. They are brought vividly to the public mind too often to need emphasising.

Tragedies on the scale of the Gresford calamity are happily rare, but no week passes without levying its toll of life and limb, and the moving record which the grand old man of the mining world, Herbert Smith, gave to the Blackpool Conference of the perils of the calling should always be borne in the public mind when this great subject is under discussion.

"If all the miners who are killed and injured in the pits every year," he said, "were to march four abreast the grim column would stretch twenty-nine and three-quarter miles.

"Every sixty yards there would be an ambulance containing a maimed man who would never work again, and every eighty yards there would be a hearse carrying a corpse."

That is the price in human life and shortened homes which is levied by the great industry on which the prosperity of this country so largely depends.

The price will always be high. The very conditions of the calling assure that. But that the price which is paid to-day is higher than it should be and could be is beyond question.

Take one cause of disaster to which Mr. Smith drew attention. He said that in some pits it was not uncommon to have a coal-face extending for a hundred yards on either side of the gate—the gate being the only way out in the case of trouble.

This he declared to be "absolutely wicked and suicidal," and he insisted that no part of the coal-face should be more distant than forty-five yards from the way of escape.

I mention this only as a typical illustration of the multitude of problems affecting the conditions in which the miner pursues his calling—problems in regard to which the miner should have the decisive word.

He should have the decisive word because it is his life which is at stake in the matter, and before that consideration all other considerations should yield. Questions relating to such things as wages, hours and so on must be the subject of discussion and arbitrament, but this security of life is a matter that is beyond bargaining.

It is this fact which makes the efficient organisation of the miners so vital a necessity. By this I do not mean that either Parliament or the owners are indifferent to the well-being and safety of the miners.

Nothing was more welcome in the admirable presidential address of Mr. Joseph Jones at Blackpool than his acknowledgment that "in recent years the owners have to some extent moved nearer to the conception we hold of the proper conduct and control of the industry."

And Parliament is never wanting in sympathy with the miners' point of view—if for no other reason than that their able representatives at Westminster keep it in the limelight.

But no reliance on external sympathy and understanding can be an efficient substitute for the miner's capacity to take care of himself.

That capacity depends on his solidarity. His armour is his union. Through his collective power alone can the security of the individual be protected, the standard of the industry be raised and policy be lifted to the level of statesmanship.

This is not a menace to the general well-being of the industry. On the contrary, it is the best guarantee of that well-being. The better organised an industry is on both sides the less risk there is of rupture and resort to the violent extremes of strike and lock-out.

But, as Mr. Jones pointed out at Blackpool, there is a weak place in the miners' armour.

It has long been apparent, but it was never more regrettably evident than in the Harworth dispute. That dispute was not so much a quarrel between the miners and the owners as a quarrel within the ranks of the miners themselves.

There is no need to recall the origins of that quarrel. We may hope that it is now over, once and for all.

But it revealed a defect in the organisation of the industry which extends far beyond this particular incident.

It is a defect that strikes at the root of collective bargaining and in a case of emergency can reduce the unity of the movement to chaos and something like civil war.

It springs from the present constitution of the Federation, which is a loose affiliation of some twenty unions in the various coal-mining districts of the country.

"The events of the past twelve months," said the President at Blackpool, "have made the question of Federation reorganisation more urgent than ever, and it must now be clear to everyone that the form of organisation we have to-day is in many respects out of date and a source of danger to our national unity."

The remedy is obvious and should not be difficult of achievement. The authority of the constituent unions should be subordinated in the larger affairs of policy and action to the authority of the Federation of which they are members.

Only in this way can the miners effect that national unity which will enable them to play a really statesmanlike part in the future development of the coal-mining industry.

The Human Machine

WHEN you have a problem to solve that you can't dodge, how do you react? Do you sit down and think it out? Do you rely on your belief in yourself? Or do you panic and rush around seeing who will solve your problem for you?

And, furthermore, do you look further ahead than the next few minutes, or is the present all you think you need worry about?

Maybe you can't answer these questions. Maybe you've never really bothered to think what you do. Well, think about it right now. We should all be more efficient if every now and then we had a look at the way we tackle the various things that crop up.

"A man who's a boss has to make decisions," said a character in a recent film, "and if he's right fifty per cent. of the time he's darned lucky." A man who's just an ordinary sort of a cuss, just a 'man in the street,' also has to make decisions.

He has to make them almost every minute of the day—and he's also lucky if he's right fifty per cent. of the time. But that's no reason for not making the decisions. It isn't fair to put the responsibility for your future actions on someone else.

You can ask advice, of course; you'd be silly if you didn't, if the problem you're up against is a difficult one; but the final decision has still to come from you if you're any sort of a man at all.

Once in a while you may just have to make a snap decision, but there aren't many things that demand that. Most people make them—and later regret them—because they're too darned lazy to do anything else.

Most prophecy is intelligent anticipation based on a good deal of knowledge. Think this out and apply it to your next bit of real worry.

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FIGHTING *the* *Food Faker*

IF you should walk into your grocer's one morning and find a man who has made purchases laying them out on the counter, and dividing them up into three approximately equal ...rts, do not jump to the conclusion ...at he has escaped from the local ...ental hospital.

If you watch, you will probably hear ...m declare himself to the shopman as ...food inspector, and see him seal all ...s samples in the presence of the com...on whom he has brought with him ...a witness.

He will take two parts of each pur...ase away with him, and leave one ...hind so that the shopman can have ...s own analysis made for his defence ...case of a prosecution under the Food ...d Drugs Act.

Of the samples which the food ...spector takes away, one is submitted ...the local public analyst, and the ...her is kept as a reserve, either in case ...of the other samples is lost or spoilt, ...for the purpose of reference to the ...vernment analyst.

Inspectors are also empowered to go into chemists' dispensaries and check off the contents of medicine with the doctors' prescriptions.

Every borough or county authority is ...ged by law to retain the services of ...public analyst and a staff of inspectors. ...some cases the food inspector is the ...al sergeant of police in his Sunday ...clothes. In others he is a borough ...county official.

These inspectors submitted to the ...blic analysts 143,831 samples of food ...d drugs in England in the last year ...which figures are available. The ...blic analysts reported adversely ...inst 7,972; that is 5.5 per cent.

In these cases the food was either ...ch as was "to the knowledge of the ...ndor rendered injurious to health" or ...e that "it differed from what was ...manded." That is to say, that the ...tailer knowingly gave a substitute that ...as not equivalent in value to the food ...ked for.

The public probably does not realise ...e widespread nature of offences that ...e being detected almost daily.

A Manchester grocer has just been ...arily fined under sixteen summonses ...r exposing or depositing for sale ...unsound food, ranging from tinned fruit ...d vegetables to dried fruit, lemon ...eese and vinegar.

In all, over 1,000 lb. of unsound food ...as seized, and some was said to be in ...a shocking state."

And in the same area a firm was fined ...r exposing for sale 9,000 lb. of unsound ...ckled goods.

In Hull a dairyman was fined for sell...g cream containing formaldehyde, ...hile an East London butcher was simi...arly punished for "brightening" his ...eas: with "sulphur dioxide."

Perhaps one of the strangest discoveries was a form of "cherry wine," sold by a Rotherham dealer, and found to contain a mixture of sugar, ...aric acid and pineapple flavouring.

Foodstuffs, drinking water from public ...pplies and private wells, and drugs are ...t the only samples submitted to the ...blic analyst.

Sometimes the police will send him for ...alysis articles of evidence to be pro...uced in a murder or other criminal ...ial—for instance, blood-stained clothes ...r weapons, and food or drink presumed ...o have been poisoned—although the ...ajority of these cases are sent to the ...me Office analyst.

Some part of the public analyst's time

The public is protected from the food faker by the expert's laboratory tests

is taken up by people who fancy themselves to be the object of poison plots.

Any public analyst will tell you that after any poison case has appeared in the courts, he is besieged with dozens of applications from fussy individuals who submit various articles of their daily food for analysis.

One will say, for instance—"the coffee tasted funny this morning. I strongly suspect that the maid has been putting something in it. She has got a grudge against us, and I shouldn't put it beyond her . . ." and so on and so forth, as long as the official can be persuaded to listen.

However, all these samples are taken in and submitted to the usual tests.

The interior of a public analyst's laboratory is a sight to rejoice the heart of Mr. Heath Robinson.

There are benches with glass tubes, beakers and other vessels of surprising ingenuity and construction.

Then there is one long thin device with various apparently secret exits which release a certain amount of liquid when, after boiling and condensing, it reaches a certain level, on which it overflows and runs into little glass flasks.

White-coated chemists are attending to the apparatus, or weighing out bits of grit and tubes of repulsive-looking liquids, some of them with horrible smells, in delicate balances.

Others are attending to small incinerators, where tea, for instance, and other substances are burnt, and the ashes weighed; or taking the readings of thermometers which emerge from ovens and all sorts of unexpected places all over the laboratory.

You would be surprised to see what the public analyst can do with a common or garden sausage.

A pile of ashes here, and a test tube of yellow liquid there, another one of green on a further bench, and that's a sausage—that was!

From this collection of constituent parts the analyst is able to calculate the exact proportion of bread and meat, and whether any forbidden preservative has been used.

The most common article of food submitted to the public analyst is milk.

At least 78,674 samples were examined in the last year for which figures are available, and 7.4 per cent. were found to be adulterated. The first thing that the public analyst does with samples of milk is to pour them into graduated containers, together with certain set quantities of acid.

Then he pegs these tubes into niches on a small turntable and the whole lot are revolved for several minutes. At the end of that time an approximate estimate of the fat contents of the milk can be read off from the graduated glass.

The samples are then subjected to various further tests, being introduced at one stage into a device that looks to the layman something like Joanna Southcott's box, except that it is simply bristling with glass tubes and thermometers.

Every sample of food is submitted to at least six different kinds of tests, some affecting quality, others quantity. Only then does the analyst start to decide whether the sample is good or suspicious.

In the latter case the sample is subjected to tests which may take several days or even weeks before a complete analysis is made.

Samples of foodstuffs submitted may range from butter—78,000 samples were tested in the last year—to jam and marmalade 1,624, or vinegar 1,949.

Although routine tests for simple adulteration present no difficulties to an expert chemist, it is when the professional cheats have employed their own chemists to disguise this adulteration that the public analyst is set some tricky problems.

He has to pit his brains, his knowledge and experience against those of the shady chemist in the employ of the food adulterators.

At the same time the resources of the public analyst are almost inexhaustible. Even when he is brought up against a trick in adulteration that he has not met with before, he can always consult his colleagues attached to other public authorities. Between them they will probably be able to produce a solution to the problem.

In the last resort he can submit his problem to the Government analyst.

We may eat a lot of rubbish in our time, but harmful adulteratives and colouring matter are comparatively rare, thanks to the vigilance of the public analyst.

★ *Politics and You* ★

Wanted—A Parliamentary Purge

PARLIAMENT has just risen for the summer recess. Except for a few brief days, when it meets in the autumn, the first session of the reign of King George VI. is over. Nearly one hundred Acts have been passed.

This seems a lot. Nothing like all of them, however, will actually affect you. Many of them are special measures of a non-controversial kind and some are Acts promoted by local authorities to enable them to do things they should have the power to do anyhow without going to the trouble and expenses of getting Parliamentary permission.

A few, a very few, of them are Bills introduced by private members which, by a miracle, have reached the Statute Book. Usually, the odds on any ordinary member getting even a small reform through is extremely slender.

* * *

Over a recent period of five years only sixty such Bills reached home out of four hundred and thirty introduced. Those which have failed to pass will lapse when

The Parliamentary machine is too cumbersome. Drastic reform is needed

the session ends and will have to start again from scratch.

The reasons given for this wholesale slaughter are lack of time and the slowness of Parliamentary procedure; neither cuts any ice with the man in the street.

A session occupies on an average about thirty weeks, though the present one has only run for twenty-nine. When the Labour Government was in office they lasted for about forty weeks, with, in addition, numerous all-night sittings, which seems to be much more reasonable. Ministers, we know, have to attend to their departments and M.P.s have to put in time in their constituencies. But the House could easily return to the longer session introduced by Labour without hurt to anybody.

* * *

We are all proud, and justly so, of our great Parliamentary institutions. They have been widely acclaimed and equally widely copied by liberty-loving peoples all over the world.

Our present Parliamentary procedure, however, dates from 1707. It is more than thirty years since the last serious attempt was made to bring the rules up to date. The machine is too cumbersome for modern needs. It requires drastic overhauling if democracy is to continue to function with speed and efficiency.

This is work the Government should undertake without delay. And, if it really is in earnest about what it wants to do, it should call Parliament together early in September and get down to the job.

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HARDLY any form of Rheumatism will respond permanently to odd applications of medicines. The art of medicine is not to drug pain to give false security, not to stimulate false vitality. In both of these methods the sufferer's subsequent state is worse than his first. The art of medicine is to help Nature do what she knows best how to do. This explains why the tremendous curative power now released by a discovery of a means of sublimating the wonderful elements in peat is such an invaluable specific in rheumatic conditions. It creates the power of healing lying within each of us. From the first day of following the treatment as explained in the book sent free to all who write to address below, the vitality of the whole of the tissue and the nutritive changes are stimulated. Oedematous swellings in or around the joints and among the muscular fibres are absorbed. Morbid articulation becomes normal, and synovial sacs are reduced. This in conjunction with the stimulation of the kidneys and corresponding relief of renal congestion, promotes vital health properties antagonistic to the rheumatic process. Once this power of healing is set in motion, it quickly gathers momentum and the need of treatment becomes less and less and

FREEDOM COMES FOR GOOD.

Medical men have always said that if only the wonderful properties known to exist in peat could be released, the end of rheumatic troubles would be within reach. Their prophecies have been justified in an amazing manner. See Case Notes.

DOCTOR'S CONFIRMATION.

I welcome confirming the valuable Therapeutic properties of Peat to the lay reader. Now that Peat is obtainable in a suitable form a fresh field of endeavour presents itself and I have been astonishing results from the use of it. The use of Medicinal Peat in the treatment of Rheumatoid troubles affords one of the best forms of modern treatment available to-day.

M.B., Ch.B.

SOME OF THE RESULTS.

Man, 22 years **SCIATICA**, had to be lifted into bed, reports:—"*After 3 weeks I am completely cured. I might say during the past 20 years I have tried remedies too numerous to mention without any success.*"

Young man, **RHEUMATISM** 6 years, father reports:—"*He is practically cured. He is continuing . . . . and is highly recommending it to anybody suffering from Rheumatism.*"

Married woman, many years **NEURITIS** and Rheumatism, reports:—". . . . *and I've tried all kinds of lotions and medicines, but none have given me such relief. I got instant relief, it was simply marvellous and should prove a God-send to all sufferers.*"

Soldier, 23 years **RHEUMATISM**, reports:—". . . *happy to say that I am now without pain, feeling my old self again. Sincerely advise all sufferers to give K. Barr's Medicinal Peat . . . a trial.*"

CASE NOTES

Woman, 5 years **RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS**, unable use right hand 3 years. Confined to bed. Husband reports:—"*She can now use her right hand for sewing, etc., without any pain and can also go about her household duties.*"

RELIEF AT ONCE—Then Lasting Freedom.

SEND NOW for a copy of Mr. K. Barr's book "*The Ending of your Rheumatism in 14 Days*" with Foreword by Doctor. It tells the facts and amazing results of PEAT THERAPY. The treatment needs no instruments and does not interfere with work or pleasure. Take the advice it offers and you will be satisfied that your Rheumatism is ending for good **OR NO FEE IS CLAIMED.**

Cut out this announcement NOW and write your name and address in the margin—or if you would rather not cut your "John Bull" write your name and address on a piece of paper mentioning "John Bull" and post to:—James Murray, Dispensary Director, **SCOTTISH MEDICINAL PEAT CO., 24, HOPE STREET, GLASGOW, C.2.** (A 1½d. stamp for postage will oblige.)

The **GUARANTEE** applies to **ALL** forms of Rheumatism including **RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA SCIATICA, NEURITIS, and GOUT.** 31.7.37

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SPECIAL ENTRY OF ARTIFICER APPRENTICES.

A special opportunity is offered to young men over 18 years of age and who have received not less than 2½ years' apprentice training as Fitters, Boilermakers, or Coppersmiths to complete their training as Artificers in the Navy.

On entry, selected candidates will serve for two years in a Mechanical Training Establishment and subsequently complete their training at sea as Artificers, 5th Class.

Young men who are interested and wish to take advantage of this Scheme should apply for full particulars as early as possible to the Director of Naval Recruiting, 85, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

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WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns, post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS AT REDUCED BARGAIN PRICES. PATTERNS POST FREE.—BRUCE & HALL, DEPT. J.B., SOUTH SHIELDS.

A FREE FILM for your Camera. Here's something well worth sending for—an 8-exposure extra rapid celluloid chrome film for your Camera. Read the full details in the advt. of Post Photos in John Bull Window" on page 3. Note the address and be sure to mark your reply "Dept. J B."

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BABY-CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment beautifully made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and welfare centres. 18-garment Layette with fullsize Shawl, 20/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set and handsome Shawl, 30/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/- including flannels woollies. Silk Robe approx. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs. J. Howard, 44, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

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MAKING POULTRY PAY. Cash in on Poultry Profit by getting "The Feathered World" Year Book, 1937. All problems are dealt with in a practical, to-the-point manner. Over 260 pages and 80 illustrations on art gravure. All you need do is to send 2/- to "THE FEATHERED WORLD," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive cure by removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DEAF? Then try the new model Amplivox sent on 30 days' Free Trial. See advertisement of Messrs. D. and J. Hill, Ltd., on page 3.

FREE to indigestion sufferers, pocket (or handbag) sample of MOORLAND indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write (enclosing 1½d. stamp) to W. R. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J B), Raddon, Leeds. See p. 39.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE.—Pennings' "Everybody's Doctor." Write, mentioning John Bull, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, I.W. This offer appears on p. 2.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream will be sent to readers who write to Box 326 61A, Empire House, Beak Street, London, W.1. Write for free trial now. See p. 38.

MAKE this health-giving drink yourself at home! Every reader who writes, mentioning John Bull, to Newball & Mason, Ltd., Nottingham, will receive sufficient Mason's Extract of Horse and Yeast to make one dozen pints of Mason's Botanic Beer. Be sure to enclose 4d. for postage, etc.

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to readers who write to Dept. 67/186, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1. Ensure Dental Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now.

IF you want reliable results always use Selo films, the dependable British films, famous for their extra speed and latitude. Selo films are made to suit all makes of camera. See page 22.

A FREE Supply of Steradent, which cleans and purifies dentures is offered to readers sending 1½d. stamp to Steradent, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.79), Kingston Works, Hull.

A FREE pattern book of patterns and embroidery transfers will be sent to women readers who write to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 168, Hull. The actual patterns and transfers are given free in exchange for Robin Starch carton tops. Write at once for your free copy of the pattern book. "Notions for You, Needlework" (1937). Every woman ought to have a copy.

TO free your dog at once from all blood disorders and bring him up to the top of form, give him a course of Bob Martin's Conditioning Powders. They will fit him to a sparkling new fitness, give him better health, a finer coat, better spirits and make him a PLUS dog. See page 21.

BORLICE'S keeps you fit and strengthens the nerves. A restful every night will ensure that you get the right kind of sleep and make you refreshed. See page 22.

FOR shaves that last, especially if you have a tough, fast-growing beard, use Vinolia Shaving Stick! It can be obtained in a handsome nickel-lite drainer case for only 9d. and you get 125 shaves! See page 24.

FOR a nice, cool smoke get a tin of Bondman. It's always fresh, because it's packed in airtight tins. See page 27.

THIS food adds to holiday health. Get the best out of your holiday and the best out of yourself by eating Shredded Wheat biscuits in preference by eating Shredded Wheat each day. There's health and goodness in every helping. It's all whole wheat and nothing else, retaining all the vital sustenance that builds energy, strength and fitness. See back cover.

Scandal of the STARVING PARSON

by Hannen Swaffer

IN these days the Church is not all copes and mitres, stained-glass windows and imposing altars. It is not all pomp and vanity and luxury and power.

When you drive past an old parish church somewhere in the country, one that is a remnant of Old England, and you feel everywhere around an atmosphere of peace and calm, you little realise that behind it there may be the story of aching poverty.

When, in some crowded industrial area, you see a church in which an earnest parson is seeking to cheer the hearts of his distressed flock, you little know that he may himself be just as distressed as is almost the poorest person in the parish.

The scandal of the starving parson is one of the crying scandals of the land. You could scarce credit it, but the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, which helps 2,000 poor clergymen and their wives and families every year, wants much more money. All they can do is to dole out small sums.

It has nearly eighty clergymen now writing for suits of clothing, for their own are threadbare and patched! It has twenty poor parsons waiting for new socks, for their old ones are worn out! Thirty clergymen want overcoats for the coming winter! Twenty clergymen's wives wait in vain for the provision of comforts badly needed by their families!

When, once a fortnight, Capt T. G. Carter, R.N., the secretary, meets the committee of the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation, an average of eight parsons' wives apply for help. Often they have to wait, for there are not enough funds at the committee's disposal.

The Corporation has had to supply furniture for big vicarages, large buildings that you may covet, perhaps, when you see them, but which all the time want comfortable beds, and new carpets, for the old ones are worn through.

Then they have to supply old motors for vicars with parishes so big that they cannot possibly cover them.

The entire diocese of Blackburn, it was recently stated, had only one church which possessed a curate, this although many of the parishes were very large.

Last year no fewer than ninety wives of clergymen applied for help from the Corporation. After a clergyman dies, a widow is allowed to occupy the vicarage for three months, and then she may be turned adrift with no income of any kind.

You hear of the bishops in their great palaces. You do not know that, often, clergymen are sent out to missions, say, in New Guinea and in Central Africa with salaries of only £225 a year.

What hope have they to save for their old age?

There are many parsons in the country who never have a holiday. There are others who have not left their parishes for twenty years, but have had to go on preaching all the time.

Yet last year the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation helped 441 cases of distress among parsons, this costing £6,286, which is an average of less than £15 each, and lots of others still wait for help. Money for holidays diminished the Corporation's funds by £1,872. Widows were given £3,940, this having to be shared by many.

If you call in at the Corporation's headquarters in Medway Street, Westminster you will see sometimes a pile of sacks waiting to go out to parsons' homes. A thousand of these are sent out every year. They bear no identification mark. Everything is "packed in plain vans."

The man who delivers a sack does not know that it contains clothing for the parson's children, nightshirts, underclothing, bed-clothing, yes, and boots and shoes, so that the family can have something to keep out the rain. It is secret poverty, relieved by secret charity.

Take a look at the contents of one package—frocks, underwear, stockings, shoes, coats and other necessities for the daughter of a clergyman with four children going to school.

The parish knows—that is, if it cares to enquire—that the clergyman gets £370 a year. Probably the cynical jeer at the idea that a man should be paid so much more to preach a sermon than is earned by a miner or an engine-driver.

It does not stop to think that the parson has to keep up a vicarage of fourteen rooms, and that actually there are so many calls upon his income he cannot avoid that, in spite of his £370 a year, a charity fund has to clothe his family!

One curate-in-charge helped last year had an income of £325 a year after being in holy orders for twenty years. This sounds all right. Actually, however, his mother and one of his three daughters died last year, and he had to bear all the expenses of the illnesses and funerals. These amounted to £84. The doctor did not charge.

When he had paid off everything except £16, he had to spend all his savings and even open his children's money-boxes. He was granted £20 by the fund.

Then an incumbent in the North of England, with an income of £424, which sounded marvellous, no doubt, to the workers in the industrial town in which he lived, had a vicarage in such a terrible state that he had to spend on it no less than £1,000!

All his family were ill. One child died. His wife was only just saved, and his eldest son had to be sent to the South of England and kept there. His medical expenses were £1,000 in four years. When he had paid £600 of this off he had to accept another living. Then he had an overdraft of £90. The Corporation gave him £25.

A third incumbent with three children had an income of £460 in a parish of 20,000. Yet he had a bank overdraft of £110, caused by bad health and doctor's bills.

When moved to another living his removal cost £9, which he could not afford; he was told he would not receive any stipend for seven months as the income was from tithes. He had to be granted £25—*and* clothing!

Another incumbent with an income of £345 broke down completely, because of overwork as rector of a busy parish. He could not work for four months, and then, when the doctor recommended three months' complete rest, he could not afford that. In this case there was a grant of £20.

A vicar working in a mining village in Wales was as poor as almost any one of the unemployed miners, this although the income of his living was £225 a year. He had three operations in one year. His wife also suffered from neuritis and from other complaints. When they took an enforced holiday, they had to be given hospitality at reduced charges. In this case, the grant was only £15.

The case of the widows is even worse. One incumbent, who passed on after being in holy orders for forty years, left a widow and five children, of whom three are deaf and dumb and one mentally deficient also.

Of the other two children, one was a hospital probationer, and one a student. Forced to let rooms, the widow made only £7 profit last year. She was granted £10.

I read, too, of an incumbent's widow, aged seventy-nine—her husband was in holy orders for sixty years—who had to exist on an income of £91 a year, all from charity. Her one daughter, aged thirty-nine, had for six years been in a mental home. These two lived in one room. The widow was granted £10.

Then the Corporation had to deal with the case of the widow of a curate who, after twenty-one years in the Church, died suddenly two months after a complete mental breakdown. She was living in one room with two children in utter destitution. The bishop gave her £11 and pleaded for more from the fund. She was given £30.

The orphans of clergymen are often even worse off. One, who had fallen in getting out of a train, was destitute. Another, offered a post in France, could not afford the cost of fare and passport.

A third, who took in a few boarders in the summer, broke her leg and had to spend five weeks in a nursing home. This cost £16 16s., and therefore she had to close the boarding-house and send away her boarders. Another tried to earn her living as a companion-help, but had to give this up owing to rheumatism and lumbago.

Then another parson's orphan who, since her father's death, had lived by knitting, sometimes working seventeen hours a day, was told by her doctor that she must not do any more, as she was injuring her health. As she earned 3s. a week by this—yes, trying to work for seventeen hours a day!—she struggled on. The Corporation gave her £15.

"Our present vicarage has ten bedrooms," writes one parson, thanking the Corporation for its charity, "large dining, drawing and morning rooms, and a study as well as servants' quarters." Often the bigger the vicarage is, you see, the harder up is the parson.

They write in, thanking for clothes!

"We are all most grateful for the splendid and generous gift of clothing," says one parson, "'as good as new,' 'up to date' and 'glorious,' as my daughters, who are delighted with them, describe the various garments.

"I wish that those who sent you the clothing could have heard the 'Obs' of delight and seen the keen competition for each article. My son is delighted with his shoes and shirts, and I with the suit and hood."

As I see it, one of the troubles is the meanness of church congregations. People who will give 5s. 6d. for a seat in a cinema usually put, at the most, sixpence in the plate. Some of them will even drop in only a penny.

No, there is no doubt that the whole system of Church incomes has got to be changed, that, in the end, the palaces and the big deaneries must be closed down and the big vicarages sold, and that the general standard of parsons' salaries must be raised.

The cry of the penniless parson is heard by few, for he carries his burden in silence. I doubt if the congregations to whom he told his story would believe it.

"Feed My lambs," he quotes, sometimes, for his text. If he said "Feed us," what a row there would be!

No wonder there is a shortage of parsons! High-minded and earnest indeed must a man be who endures so much in the service of his Master.

How tired he would get of archiepiscopal mouthings and trimmings—and the platitudes and the phrases!

The Right Rev. H. J. Wilson, Bishop of Chelmsford, a vigorous champion of the struggling parson . . .

Lizard in the Larder

Voracious, merciless, and cruel, the beautifully plumed Butcher-bird has a speciality for lizard. When caught in its nest beak the lizard is carried to a thorn bush and impaled on a thorn to receive attention at the Butcher-bird's meal-time. Many amazing photographs of this small bird of prey are included in the August number of Zoo, out on Friday.

Mice, beetles, young birds, crickets, grasshoppers and other tasty morsels are known on the Butcher bird's thorn-bush larder, and these pictures from Nature will interest all readers.

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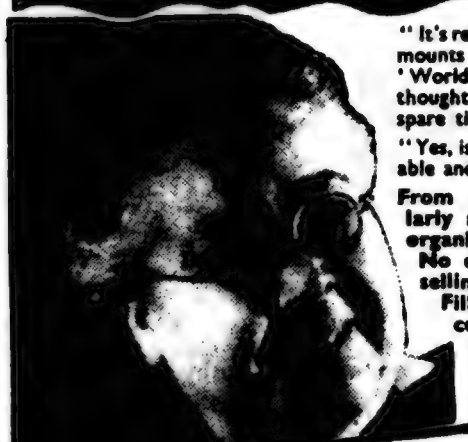

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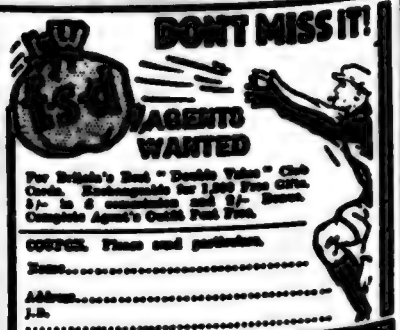

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AT Wooden, a small, tree-sheltered village a few miles outside Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, a remarkable community has recently come into existence. It is called "The Chosen Few."

At an establishment known as Holborn Farm, which consists of two old farmhouses hidden away in the hills, and owned by a farmer named James Williams, the most fervid and extraordinary religious ceremonies are being regularly conducted.

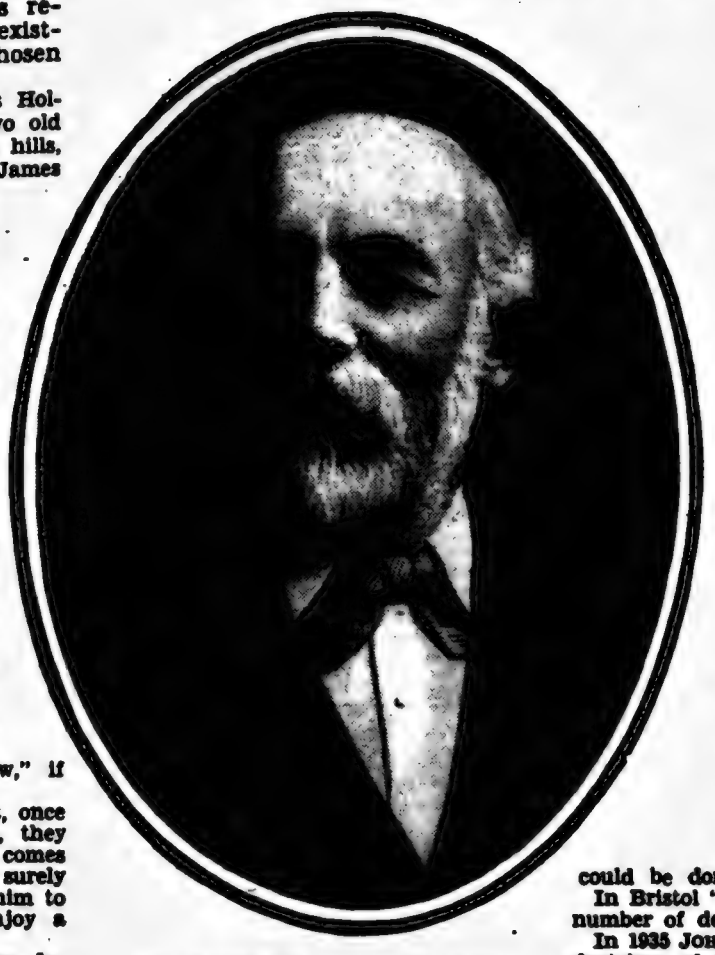
The worshippers are mostly women who have devoutly given themselves up to the teachings and doctrines of a man who is known throughout their sect as "The Messiah." He is eighty-six years of age, and has a number of male lieutenants to assist him in his work.

Chief among these helpers is James Williams himself.

Despite his great age "The Messiah" possesses an amazing energy and most hypnotic personality. Members of his following are selected with the greatest care and are sworn to secrecy. They must have no conversation or connection with the outside world, and are expected to surrender their homes and all earthly possessions in the cause of "The Chosen Few," if called upon to do so.

"The Messiah" tells them that, once they have received his blessing, they will live for ever. When the world comes to an end soon, as he predicts it surely will, they will be "lifted" with him to the Great Beyond, there to enjoy a sacred existence for all eternity.

Incredible though it may seem, between thirty and forty women of different ages and position—married and single—have become devotees of "The Messiah" during the past two years.



The Messiah—"homes are being broken up and families separated through his hypnotic power and mastery"

Wrathful Visitors

At the Wooden farm, which is the latest establishment at which the doctrines of "The Chosen Few" are conducted, women sit before him and, to the slow chanting of queer hymns, hail him emotionally as "Our Lovely Lord."

"The Messiah"—ensconced in a throne-like chair with a large Bible before him—in return blesses them as his true and devoted "saints."

An air of secrecy has always surrounded colonies run by "The Chosen Few," and it was only the unexpected arrival at Holborn Farm, about a fortnight ago, of two motorists from London, who created a scene when their desire to interview "The Messiah" for a few moments was refused, which caused some publicity to be given to the community there.

The men denounced the whole thing as a sham, and said they intended to take further steps to stop "The Messiah's" preachings.

One of these wrathful visitors is Mr. James Gascoyne, of Harlesden, London, who decided to make this trip for a special purpose.

He chose the beginning of his summer holiday to do so, *because his wife and daughter are fervent disciples of "The Messiah" and had left him to go to Holborn Farm.*

Mr. Gascoyne has had a disquieting experience through the influence of "The Messiah" and his queer sect.

His wife and daughter disappeared suddenly from their home this year just as suddenly as they have done in past years. As long ago as 1933, when they first fell under the spell of "'The Messiah's" teachings at an establishment he then conducted in West London, Mr. Gascoyne has been compelled to make repeated journeys to different abodes presided over by "The Messiah" in the endeavour to get his family to return to him.

There are several other men in a similar predicament; and one man whose wife left him suddenly to become a member of "The Chosen Few," and refused to return to him, complained to the police in the hope that something could be done to bring her back.

In Bristol "The Messiah" has won a number of devotees.

In 1935 JOHN BULL commented on the doctrines of "The Messiah" and complaints then being made about him. He then controlled three colonies; he now has at least seven. Most of these colonies, as in the case of the latest one at Wooden, are established in isolated farmhouses, owned by people who pin their faith to him and agree to segregate themselves from the outside world in order to serve him.

In the course of his fervid campaigns "The Messiah" has been known by many Biblical titles—some, among others, being "Shiloh the Ruler," "The Precious Shiloh," and the "Man Child of the Revelations." One, a little more prosaic, perhaps, is "Uncle Charlie."

Divine Call

He really honestly believes, so his followers think, that he is the "Man Child of the Revelations."

His claim to the title of "The Messiah," according to his own story, came about in this way:

Many years ago—nearly fifty, in fact—when he was just an ordinary labourer named Charles Geard, he claims that he received a divine call. According to his story, he had to undertake a journey through Africa, thence to Jerusalem, and, though he had no money himself, the cost of his travels was provided mysteriously from heaven.

He was actually standing in the booking office, when a ghost came along beside him, paid for his passage and vanished! And thus the sacred rôle of Shiloh descended upon him. . . .

It has always been a mystery where his funds came from. He has declared that "heaven has always provided" him with all his wants—though it is obvious that many of his disciples, like those who provide their farms for his headquarters, have financed him.

Chauffeur "Prince"

When "The Messiah," despite his dislike of all things material, and his objection to disciples associating with the outside world, decides to emerge into open spaces, he is generally extremely well-groomed, and is driven about in a magnificent car.

His chauffeur is a man named Turner, an ex-policeman, who acts as "The Messiah's" first lieutenant and bodyguard. Incidentally, at some of the strange and secret "Chosen Few" ceremonies, this chauffeur has been known as "Caleb—Prince of Judah."

Some of "The Messiah's" women disciples are permanent residents at one or another of his farmhouse retreats, but many only "disappear" into his sacred keeping for five or six weeks at a time.

This is illustrated in the case of a man who was recently making enquiries about a relative who, two or three years ago, left her home and stayed with "The Messiah" for six weeks. Then she returned and, for a time, led a normal life. Suddenly she disappeared again, saying that she had been "called" to the side of "Shiloh the Ruler," because the end of the world was near at hand!

Followers, by the way, must believe in the descent of the Royal House of Britain from Israel, and, in this connection, "The Messiah" has persistently predicted that, when the late King George V passed from the Throne, his Sceptre would depart simultaneously.

Then, he ("The Messiah") would "be caught up like Elijah . . . with his followers . . . to heaven."

Broken Homes

And the world would come to an end and he, the Great Shiloh, would rule the New World, in which there would be only just his "Chosen Few," with a Rod of Iron!

Not long after the death of King George V "The Messiah" told his followers that he had received a spiritual message in which the date of the end of the world was definitely given. A special gathering was fixed on the day and all waited for their translation to the realms above.

But they all waited in vain—and so "The Messiah" must still rule his disciples from his various farmhouse "heavens."

The pity is that he can even do that, for his movement is growing, and, in the course of so doing, homes are being broken up and families separated through his hypnotic power and mastery.

THE CRAFTSMAN

Just a Sinister Story

THE scene is a busy engineering shop world-famous for its aero engines.

Go where you like, you'll never see a more meticulous regard for accuracy than is displayed there by men who hand-work gleaming masses of metal with almost loving care.

To them, a one-hundred-thousandth of an inch error represents a glaring, unbelievable inaccuracy. They think almost in terms of the thickness of a shadow.

Just tell those men that the age of master-craftsmanship is dead. They'll drop their micrometers in horror. They'll tell you that those much-vaunted old-time craftsmen wouldn't have held their jobs a week making super-high-grade engines.

Mistakes that didn't matter to the old clockmakers might mean death to somebody depending on a modern aero engine.

As for these hush-hush engines they are making at the moment—no, they are not for aeroplanes—there has never been a more beautiful job.

And, unashamed of using that word "beautiful," they will then turn back to their tasks.

* * *

"No, these will never go in aeroplane engines," says one of the men. "They're far too small. They're a four-cylinder job.

"They're the finest four-cylinder job ever known. Oh, boy!—and are they tested? More time is spent seeing they'll stand up to their job than many motor-car manufacturers would devote to making them.

"I'm not blaming the motor manufacturers. These engines, after all, are far too dear for the average motorist. Anyhow, there's no need to make a car engine so beautifully.

"But,"—and here his voice dropped to a dismal monotone—"I *hate* making them. I was on aero engines, and I didn't mind making those. Engines that would take people all over the world. That's something to make an engine for.

"Then there was this rearmament, and I was put on these little beauties.

"I'd rather be making frying-pans."

* * *

How much happier this world would be if he *were* making frying-pans.

For these gleaming engines made in so many weeks of loving care, processed by hand, accurate to hundreds-of-thousandths of an inch, the work of the finest master craftsmen in the world, are made to blow human beings to bits, fine ships as well.

If ever they hit their billet and are shattered into a million atoms—all in a matter of seconds—that will be counted success indeed.

They are made to propel torpedoes on their missions of death.

Grave Me… Exp…

As a public duty, *John Bull* here directs attention to an undoubted flaw in our medical services—the unsatisfactory system under which anaesthetics are administered.

Many of the facts are disquieting, but it is necessary to face them frankly in order to appreciate the need for an immediate enquiry and the possibility of reforms that can be the means of saving tens of thousands of lives.

"HAVE you any idea as to the cause of death?" asked the coroner. "I have no idea," replied the anæsthetist. "I can only suggest that it had something to do with ether convulsions, *about which little is known.*"—*Chester inquest.*

"Yes," said the surgeon, "but he (the student who had administered the anæsthetic) had gone through a course which qualified him." "Were doctors available," the coroner asked. "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the coroner, "I do feel that when doctors are available, a man so qualified in the eyes of the law should be present on these occasions."—*Liverpool inquest.*

"I do not think that these anæsthetics should be given by young house surgeons or anyone other than competent and experienced anæsthetists." "Yes," agreed the pathologist, "ethyl chloride should undoubtedly have been given by an experienced anæsthetist."—*South London inquest.*

"I have had 12 anæsthetic deaths reported to me this year, 10 from your institution. In eight cases they were given by resident doctors. I am not criticising anyone," said the coroner, "but you will agree it is a matter for inquiry."—*Sheffield inquest.*

Those are extracts, selected at random from the crowded files of recent inquest reports on people who have died while undergoing operations. We could have quoted scores or even hundreds more. But these are a sufficient indication of the subject with which we propose to deal.

Two campaigns

When, two years ago, JOHN BULL launched its campaigns for improving the hospitals system and reducing maternal mortality, we had to face considerable criticisms from the chief medical organisations.

We were told that our exposures of the facts would damage hospital funds and our campaign for reducing maternal mortality would make young mothers afraid.

But the first was followed by the appointment of the Hospitals Commission, whose Report announces an overhaul of the entire system. The second was followed by those reforms embodied in the new Midwives Act. In each case our outspokenness was justified up to the hilt.

The same people may doubtless argue that by telling the truth about the *unnecessary* risks of anæsthesia and the muddle and grave deficiencies which exist in this branch of medicine, we may frighten patients.

We want to safeguard sufferers. And we believe that if every hospital in this country were to adopt the safest and the most modern methods of giving anæsthetics, *the lives of ten thousand men, women and children would be saved every year.*

If we can bring this about by telling some of the facts which most doctors know but the public don't—that will be enough.

Every year half a million operations are carried out under anæsthetics in Britain. According to the Registrar-General's reports the death rate following these operations is *5 per cent.*

Now, on the face of it, that may not seem an unreasonable percentage. It is regrettable but inevitable, you might say.

But on half a million that 5 per cent. means a total of 25,000.

Note this statement by such an authority as the President of the Anæsthetics Section of the Royal Society of Medicine:—

"The Registrar-General's figures fill one with dismay . . . *since* 1921 *the death rate associated with anæsthetics has been more than doubled.*"

That statement was not made for popular consumption. But we think you will agree that it is a matter of the gravest *public* concern. Coming from such a source you would expect some official action to be taken. But all we can find is an almost callous indifference.

We have had enquiries made at the Ministry of Health, the General Medical Council and the British Medical Association. None of these bodies has thought fit to hold any enquiry into the causes of this extraordinary and serious rise in the anæsthetics death rate, nor is any action contemplated to speed up any reform in the practice of this essential branch of medicine.

Our enquiry

That, in bare outline, is the position. And since the heads of the medical profession are not bothering to have any enquiry, JOHN BULL has been holding one on its own. And here are the results.

We can state quite bluntly what are the three main causes of the terrible and *avoidable* death roll. First, there is general backwardness in the application of the safest, most efficient and modern forms of anæsthesia. Second, there is a general lack of proper training and adequate experience among those who give it. Third (but more important than it seems) is the inferior status and poor pay and prospects of the expert anæsthetist. Let us take these points in order.

It is the opinion of most of the experts which JOHN BULL has consulted that in *only very few of the present-day hospitals and clinics does the equipment and the practice of anæsthesia meet the requirements of modern surgery.*

Put it this way. Compared with, say, Germany or America, our surgeons and physicians lead; it is a reputation they have earned and of which we are jealous; but in the practice of anæsthesia this country is definitely second best.

In this country there is a general tendency to use only the most familiar agents and those which cause the anæsthetist least trouble. Substances which involve prolonged preparation and visits to the patient and which may extend the length of the operation are unpopular. Some reasons for this may be apparent when we discuss the later points.

It is sufficient to say this. A dis-

While the surgeon works deftly and quickly, the anæsthetist stands by, but we are apt to forget that the life of the patient often lies in his hands, too.

ical Peril

OSED

All eyes on the surgeon's hands. Students watching the progress of a delicate operation

tinguished London anæsthetist, writing in a medical journal recently, pointed out that a mixture of nitrous oxide and oxygen was absolutely safe when used in a special apparatus, and *unlimited in its scope.* But ether and chloroform remain the standard standbys in general anæsthesia in hospitals. He denounced them both.

That, of course, was an expression of opinion. But medical journals do not print casual opinions from any medical Tom, Dick, or Harry. And we remember similar remarks from medical coroners.

New methods

But although that same method of anæsthesia has been tested out in midwifery by an independent medical authority covering 10,000 cases and has been established as efficient and safe, the number of hospitals outside of London using it fully on ordinary surgical cases can be counted almost on the fingers of both hands.

A possible explanation for the lack of widespread installation of this gas and oxygen apparatus is lack of funds. It is expensive. But should initial expense stand in the way of saving of lives? We quote this one example (there are others) merely to illustrate the backwardness in the practice of anæsthesia. We are not suggesting it is the best.

We merely state on good medical authority that it is absolutely *safe* and that all operations, the shortest and the longest, can be successfully performed with this type of anæsthetic.

It is an interesting fact that the London County Council, after prolonged tests, have installed such apparatus in all its hospitals.

On the second point, the question of the training and experience of the bulk of the persons who administer "gas" in our hospitals, those inquest extracts at the beginning of this article are sufficiently illustrative.

But here are some more facts. *There is no such thing as a Chair of anæsthesia at any of our medical colleges or schools.*

Where U.S.A. leads

Lord Nuffield, when he made his recent wonderful donation to medical training at the University of Oxford, had the foresight to insist that part was to be used in founding a Chair in this branch of medicine. It will be the first.

The United States, to mention only one country, has about a dozen of these Chairs. Because they take the subject seriously they have produced most of the world's leading anæsthetists. And their hospitals and medical schools maintain a standard of efficiency unequalled here.

The mastery of this science involves for the average medical graduate an intensive training of not less than three years. The average doctor has not spent three weeks at it. And it is the average doctor, who does his "house training" after he has qualified, who administers anæsthetics in most hospitals.

That brings us to our third point. The anæsthetist is the Cinderella among medical specialists. A surgeon must put in many years of apprenticeship before he obtains that coveted post on hospital staff. For a long time he is never allowed to operate without a senior surgeon standing by to advise or to take over if necessary.

And he is rewarded accordingly. But such a special training and experience are not required of anæsthetists appointed to hospital staffs. His fee is often less than a twentieth part of the surgeon's. A few guineas is the rule whether he is a highly trained man, who has devoted his whole time to this science, or a newly qualified house surgeon.

We have got very few fully qualified anæsthetists because it is simply not worth while for the average medical man to make it a speciality.

What we get instead is hundreds of doctors in general practice who make it a sideline for the sake of that extra guinea or two. They rush into hospitals just before the operating hour to give anæsthetics to patients they had no time to examine previously or to watch afterwards.

Expert's view

If you doubt that such things happen, listen to this from a leading medical journal about the dilemmas which arise when the anæsthetist does not see the case until it is on the table (a common occurrence):—

"The patient's physical and mental conditions are unknown quantities, save for the knowledge gained by a rapid glance, and the risk involved has to be navigated by guess and by God."

The writer of this article then proceeds to quote an instance from actual practice to show the danger to the patient in this haphazard method. A patient is to have an appendix removed. When the surgeon gets to work he finds a gastric ulcer, and promptly asks the anæsthetist if the patient can stand having this removed also.

"The unfortunate anæsthetist is thus expected to answer a question of such vital importance (and the penalty of a wrong answer might be death) without any previous examination of the patient.

"The absurdity and unfairness of the situation are obvious—but only, apparently, to the anæsthetist. The patient whom it concerns most closely does not know that such problems arise. The surgeon knows, but with certain honourable exceptions, does not do anything about it.

"The only conceivable reason for such neglect is an unworthy one—a preliminary examination would diminish his profits by a certain amount."

That statement appeared in a responsible medical journal. We quote it as it stands, without comment.

Another factor which may react to the patient's disadvantage is this. It frequently happens that an emergency arises in a hospital without a resident anæsthetist and when no visiting anæsthetist is available. So an inexperienced house surgeon or medical student takes over the job.

He is often a little afraid of the "big man" with the knife, and allows the surgeon to domineer over him. The surgeon, not having confidence in the emergency man, demands an anæsthetic, which, even in unskilled hands, will give him the greatest freedom for his work.

He gets it—even though the emergency man may not have the knowledge to assess changes in the patient's condition under this anæsthetic.

In the hands of a whole-time specialist anæsthetist a patient's life is of more value than a few minutes of an irascible surgeon's time.

But as we have said, these men are few, because they are so poorly paid. Only a year or two ago Howard Jones, one of the most brilliant anæsthetists in the world, committed suicide in his London home because of worry due to lack of money.

At the time of his death he held half a dozen appointments in great London hospitals as senior and lecturer in anæsthetics. *Nearly all this work was unpaid.*

The reward of thirty years devoted whole-time work to making anæsthesia safer and better was that his income had shrunk from £1,500 a year to less than £300 a year, and he could not go on.

What Remedy?

Is it any wonder that the fully trained anæsthetist is a rare bird? Outside of the great London voluntary hospitals and a few of the more advanced institutions in the big provincial cities you won't find him.

There, in those three points we have discussed, are the causes of the mounting death-rolls which fill these coroners' reports.

What's the remedy? What's to be done about it.

It's a matter both of men and of money.

First, the training and status of anæsthetists in the medical profession must be improved.

Britain must come into line with other countries and establish professorships of anæsthetics in *every* medical school. It is now possible for doctors to obtain a diploma in anæsthetics. It should be compulsory that this diploma be required before any doctor may have the great responsibility of administering anæsthetics unsupervised.

There must be more encouragement to specialise by arranging for better remuneration for all anæsthetists. The patient's life is in his hands no less than in the surgeon's.

Yet so queer is the tradition that has grown up that a patient, say, in a private ward, cheerfully pays his scores of guineas to the surgeon and grudges the guinea or two to the anæsthetist as an "extra."

Second, the installation of the most modern apparatus for anæsthesia should be undertaken at *all* hospitals forthwith. Neither backwardness, prejudice nor the old cry of "expense" should be allowed to stand in the way.

Fine example

If you want the proof of what can be achieved, take the case of two big provincial hospitals, where, until a few years ago, the operation death rates were practically identical.

Then one hospital changed to a more modern system of anæsthesia; the same surgeons continued to operate; there was no change other than anæsthetic reform; but the result has been that *the death rate in that hospital ever since has been less than half of what it was before the changes were introduced.*

By contrast the other city's hospital continues with the same average figure as before—*proof positive* that to the change in anæsthetic methods alone is to be attributed a remarkable saving of life.

Those facts and figures were given in an official medical publication, the *British Journal of Anæsthesia*, and it is not unreasonable to ask what the authorities are doing about it.

They are, as we said at the beginning, doing nothing. But on that one instance alone John Bull is prepared to demand an enquiry into the practice of anæsthesia in this country.

For leaving out of it the improvement which must follow from the better training and status of anæsthetists, there is, in the successful experiment cited above, an object-lesson.

If what happened in one hospital were to take place in every hospital and clinic throughout the whole of Britain, there would be, on the basis of population, an annual saving of life that that can be estimated *conservatively* to exceed ten thousand.

Unsolved Mysteries (2)

by

Stanley Bishop

A thrilling new series in which famous crimes are reprobed in the light of the latest available evidence

Who Killed

This quiet suburban house suddenly became the scene of an incredibly brutal crime

"FREEHOLD house for sale. With garage."

A notice-board behind the garden fence of an attractive, bay-windowed house in Addiscombe Road, East Croydon, proclaimed the owner's intentions to the neighbourhood.

Ellis Dagnall, actor and playwright, was the resident owner. Domestic management of the home he left to elderly Susannah Emberton, working housekeeper and cook. For eight years she served her master faithfully and well. She looked after the place while he was daily in London about his professional affairs.

At such times she was alone—just as thousands on thousands of women are alone in suburban houses.

Not that Susan Emberton minded the loneliness. She was accustomed to it. Besides, nothing was likely to happen to her, she reflected. She was perfectly content and happy in her duties. She was rather sorry that the master intended to sell his Croydon house, because she liked the district and had made friends.

So far as she could, she would help in the disposal of the house by showing people around.

One March evening—five years ago—there was a ring at the front-door bell. Susan Emberton was only just back in the house after late shopping and was taking off her outdoor things in the kitchen when she heard the call.

Two young, well-dressed men were standing at the door when she went to it. They looked to be respectably middle-class. One was holding a suit-case.

"YES?" said Susan Emberton, questioning, standing with one hand on the half-opened door.

"We saw the notice about the house as we drove along the road," said the taller and darker of the two men—the one in a blue, double-breasted overcoat, dark suit and bowler hat. "I am looking for a house of this style in Croydon; can you please give me particulars?"

There followed some sort of an apology for calling rather late and not having a house agent's introduction.

Susan Emberton was beginning to talk particulars, the front door swinging loose, when the taller man stepped into the hall. The man with the suit-case followed. People were passing along the road. There was steady traffic to and fro; everything just ordinary.

Yet it was a little surprising that the men walked in without invitation, and alarming when the shorter man—the one with the suit-case—shut the door and placed his back against it.

"But what are you doing?" protested Susan Emberton, agitated and flurried at the intrusion. "You cannot come in like that."

Neither of the men spoke. The taller pushed by roughly. The other dropped his suit-case, and struck with his right fist. Susan Emberton cried as the blow met her face. Her knees sagged and she fell moaning. The man first in caught up a wooden truncheon which was kept hanging in the hall.

Bending over the woman, he struck again and again; savagely on the head. The moaning ceased. . . .

When Ellis Dagnall returned home, two hours or so later, the house was in complete darkness. He let himself in, switched on the hall light and noticed, straight away, a suit-case standing in the hall. His mind wondered.

"I could not understand it," says Mr. Dagnall in telling of what he saw. "Then I went into the dining-room and found the drawers of the sideboard and dinner-wagon open. Plated articles were missing from the sideboard. I glanced into the open drawers and noticed they were nearly empty. I went into the kitchen, the scullery and the front lounge, calling 'Susan, Susan.'

"In the lounge, a Chinese cabinet was open, and the drawers of an Indian cabinet were on the floor.

"Then I went back into the hall and opened the suit-case. I found it full of my plate, and was sure then that we had had burglars. I went to the telephone and rang up the police.

"The police seemed to accomplish the impossible. They were at the house almost as soon as I telephoned. I had only just time to fetch a trowel as a weapon, and take my stand at the foot of the stairs—believing the thieves to be still upstairs—when the police arrived."

"Come on down. You had better come down." Mr. Dagnall shouted to the "someone" whom he thought was lurking above. He and a detective sergeant went to explore and "fetch 'em out."

They found Susan Emberton in her bedroom, lying on the bed. The bedclothes were over her. There was copious blood on the pillow. Her face was blood stained.

"My God," cried Mr. Dagnall. "It's my housekeeper Susan. They have tried to kill the poor soul."

Said the sergeant to her: "Don't be frightened. Your master is here. Can you tell me who has hurt you?" All the injured woman answered was a whispered "Oh, my poor head. Why did they do it?"

The detective, looking closer, saw a wound across the crown of her head and another at the back.

Susan Emberton was never able to tell anything about the murderous attack she suffered. Two days later she died in Croydon Hospital.

Police waited by her side in the hope that, during moments of flickering consciousness, she would speak. She was unable to do so. Even a few words would have helped, but her memory remained blank. The vital information died with her.

SO the police were forced to begin enquiry from an indefinite starting point. Their examination and search of the house gave them little. They found a pair of cheap cotton fabric gloves which explained why there were no finger-prints, except those of the dead woman and Mr. Dagnall.

Obviously the weapon used was the police truncheon which Mr. Dagnall had for protection service in the hall. That was exactly the kind of instrument which, in the opinion of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the Home Office pathologist, would have caused the wounds from which Susan Emberton died.

Another conclusion was that the attack took place in the hall, and that Susan Emberton was carried up to her room *and placed in bed by her attackers.* Sir Bernard Spilsbury was definite that after either of the savage blows the woman could not have moved unaided.

It was a reasonable supposition that the men were disturbed in some way after they ransacked the house. Why, otherwise, should they have left the suit-case packed with silver and plate behind them?

WHAT the burglars actually took was a considerable number of small articles of jewellery. These, no doubt, were carried away in a coat pocket.

A complete list of the missing articles was circulated to all pawnbrokers and jewellers throughout the country, together with illustrations.

Not a single piece of the jewellery was ever traced. The goods were sold before published news of the murder to a practised receiver of stolen property, who

EIFFEL TOWER LEMON BARLEY does you good

LEMONS *for coolness*
BARLEY *for health*

Had your

HOVIS

to-day?

You always feel more active and energetic when you have HOVIS

There is STRENGTH in every SLICE

Macclesfield

Dr. H. B. Jackson, coroner in the case

Susan Emberton, killed for gain

Sir Bernard Spilsbury described the weapon

Supt. W. Brown left nothing undone

Susan Emberton?

e them up immediately beyond all ce of recognition.
s assistant to murderers was too ll of his complicity in the crime ame forward with information.
veral people living in the neighbour- were able to give sketchy, general s about the two men calling at Dagnall's house that evening.
he woman who actually saw them ing to Susan Emberton by the front door was able to supply some of description. It answered to the ription of two young men with a saloon motor car waiting in the near the house for a lengthy period r in the afternoon.
t no description could be built up which the men were identifiable. It the same with the car—no number; the make—a Singer—and the ur—blue.
rom the outset, therefore, the police, er Detective Supt. Brown, of New land Yard, and Inspector Hawk- e, detective in charge of the Croy- division, were beset with difficulties. looking back it is easy to criticise. the outsider it seems that certain takes were made in the murder t. For one thing, there was extra- inary secrecy, at time, over the ole case.
here was a ner in which public was ptionally in- sed, because it a crime strik- at the security every home. Yet adequate appeal s made to the lic for assist- e. The im- se help the spapers would e given gladly never sought. Apart from a ription of the en jewels no ment, calcu- d to break n the reserve d timidity of a cent witness d to induce him, her, to confide in the police, was ever ed.
ns of the police work was plain. e men who killed Susan Emberton among the criminals whose particu- and easy objective is housebreaking d robbery in the London suburbs.

THEY were fairly young; most likely about thirty. They had the appearance which would make it incongruous for them to be taken for purchasers of a good-class house. In addition, they worked with a motor car, and were thoroughly acquainted with Croydon. Almost certainly they were residents in South London.

Hundreds of photographs in police albums were shown the individuals who as the men waiting in Addiscombe Road and near the house.

If a witness hesitated at a picture and said "I think that is rather like one of the men," then the subject of the photo was brought in for questioning. Detectives were sprayed through the underworld of London to trace the movements of "possibles." They wanted to know where certain men were on the night of March 18; who were operating together; who—if any—were known to have been using a blue saloon motor-car, or who had gone suddenly into hiding.

Every police informant on the secret pay-roll was thrown into the search; quietly told to keep his ear to the ground and report any scrap of information overheard about the "Croydon job."

SEVERAL men came under suspicion and were shadowed for days. A house at Brixton, and another near Bromley, was visited by detectives and "turned over" in the hope that something might result. All to no avail.

Three months after the murder, Dr. Jackson, the district coroner, in concluding his inquest proceedings, made a statement in relation to the police.

Explaining the stalemate he said there was no reasonable doubt that the thief or thieves who entered the house inflicted the injuries in order to prevent Susan Emberton from interfering with their plans.

Police officers in the case had worked very hard endeavouring to obtain evidence to show who were the persons responsible, and although no such evidence was before the jury that day it was certainly not for want of energetic efforts on the part of the police.

Agreed on every hand that *everything possible was done*, but the point still stands whether the best methods were employed.

It was imperative for the credit of the Metropolitan Police that the murderers of Susan Emberton should be brought to justice. *And they escaped to the peril of honest citizens.*

Detectives engaged were convinced, in their own minds, that they knew the men who committed the murder. The jig-saw puzzle of evidence was not complete.

Now for an astonishing sequel, the implication of which has never been emphasised.

In July, 1934—two years after the murder of Susan Emberton—Robert James Venner, fifty-five-year-old manager of a tailor's shop at New Cross, was killed *in exactly the same circumstances.* The similarity of the murders is extraordinary.

Two men went into the shop with the ostensible object of buying a suit of clothes. Just as two men went to the house in Addiscombe Road with the ostensible object of enquiring about a purchase.

Venner was struck down by the blow of a fist and then battered about the head with a heavy instrument—probably a tyre lever. The shop was robbed. The assailants *escaped in a blue saloon car.*

Taken to hospital, Robert Venner died without being able to give any coherent account of what happened. He died without telling, as Susan Emberton died.

Once again the same kind of police hunt for suspects. Once again the same failure. An idea that this man might have been concerned; a suggestion that somebody else might be involved. Every clue running into nothing.

Again a final coroner's inquest verdict of "Murder against some persons unknown."

Twin murders like that in South London and nobody brought to justice. An uncomfortable subject of thought for all, including the Metropolitan Police.

REMEMBER this: The men who murdered Susan Emberton in a suburban home; the men who murdered Robert Venner in a suburban shop—whether they be the same two or not—are at liberty.

They are going about rubbing shoulders with law-abiding citizens, sitting next to you and me in tube railway and omnibus.

If circumstances drive them to it, they will kill and rob again. They have escaped—once—twice. Why not a third time?

And that is why the files of the murder of Susan Emberton and of Robert Venner are always under constant re-examination at New Scotland Yard.

Will these murderers ever be caught?

Was it Murder?

In a glade of Epping Forest, John Willmott, sign writer of Woodford Green, was found dying with terrible head injuries.

For weeks the police engaged in an intensive murder hunt. It was assumed that Willmott was followed by a jealous lover or husband, and attacked.

Then the police amended their ideas. At the inquest it was contended that Willmott received his fatal injuries by falling from a tree.

What is the truth behind this remarkable case? The article next week will endeavour to give the answer.

J. O. S.

Greatest of These . . .

J. O. S., an ex-Service man, has been seriously ill for twelve months, suffering from gastric ulcers. He has been twice in hospital, and is now laid up at home. "I have had a life of misery," he writes, "with ill-health, poverty and unemployment for twenty years.

"I am unable to get that extra nourishment and special diet out of my meagre income which I need to build up my health again.

"My doctor says I shall not get well worrying, but I cannot help myself, being worried over a debt hanging over my head for furniture, etc.

J. O. S. receives 7s. 6d. National Health benefit. His wife and two eldest daughters, aged seventeen and fifteen, earn about 27s. 6d. a week between them. There is also a little girl aged eight.

"Surely someone," says J. O. S., whose initials might well be S. O. S., "will help to ease my burden a little." His guarantor says of him, "There could be no one worthier of your generosity," and we shall be grateful if our readers will send donations earmarked "J. O. S." for his help.

These, and donations for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

How's this for a plus dog

He never scratches, he's never listless, never off his food. Week in week out he's always magnificently fit, in lovely coat and full of spirit. That's why people call him a PLUS dog; and that's the sort of dog *your* dog can be if you purify his blood with Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

When you give your dog his Bob Martin's you are following *Nature's* method, for these famous powders contain the natural blood correctives that a dog in his wild state would find for himself in certain herbs and grasses.

By thoroughly purifying his blood, Bob Martin's will keep your dog free from all blood disorders such as scratching, listlessness, loss of appetite, loose coat and eczema, and swellings between the toes. They will do more, they will lift him to a sparkling *new fitness*, give him better *health*, better *coat*, better *spirits*—in fact, make him a PLUS dog.

A PLUS dog in seven days

To free your dog at once from all blood disorders and bring him up to the top of his form, give him a course of Bob Martin's Condition Powders (3 powders a day for seven days). Even in that short time he will develop the glorious PLUS dog fitness that every well-conditioned dog enjoys by right. Get a packet of Bob Martin's *NOW*. You can get them for 6d. and 1/- from all chemists, corn merchants, dog shops, etc.

Bob Martin's

CONDITION POWDERS

for better health, better coat, better spirits

TONIC FOR A CAMERA

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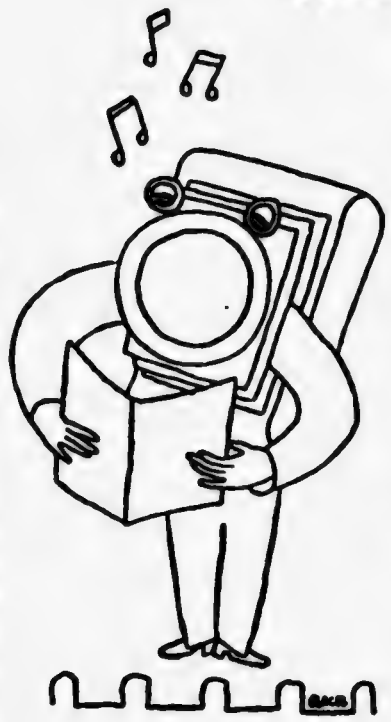


Think before you snap! Think before you buy your films. Remember what our climate's like—bright one day, dull the next. To counteract it, use Selo and Selochrome, dependable British films, famous for their extra speed and latitude. Then you'll get brilliant, lively snaps, whether it's sunny or whether it's dull. Selo and Selochrome are made to suit all makes of camera.

use

SELO

films

the power behind the lens

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED

EVERYBODY'S doing it—so it seems in this little camp. Anyway, caravanning is finding more and more converts every year.

Castles on WHEELS

HIDDEN away in a London suburb, on a piece of land adjoining the Thames, is the modern version of a gypsy encampment.

The "gypsies" do not chop down the trees for firewood, or pester the other residents of the district. In fact, the menfolk are highly respectable, and most of them travel up to their jobs in the City like other business men.

Perhaps the only different thing about them is their simple way of living.

Take the case of Mr. Cook. Until two years ago he lived in a house like anyone else, and caravanning was merely his summer hobby. At that time, though, his wife was in delicate health, and the doctor prescribed an open-air life.

"This house is too big," he said. "Running the home taxes your wife's strength. Get her out into the country."

●●● Mr. Cook thought about this advice a good deal. Then he sat down and designed his ideal all-weather caravan, with all modern conveniences. He sold the house and out of the proceeds was easily able to afford a caravan which he could expect to last several years.

Since then Mr. and Mrs. Cook have lived "on the road"; and they are but one of many such couples. They have dozens of friends who all live in the same way, free of the problem of rates and of gas and electricity bills.

Actually, Mr. and Mrs. Cook have to pay for their camp sites, so probably they contribute indirectly to the rates of any district in which they happen to be staying. But, compared with householders, they are remarkably free from responsibility.

The number of people adopting this mode of living is increasing rapidly. Evidence of this is to be found in the growth of the organisations which cater for caravan-dwellers.

Such caravans are constructed with triple walls. Between the walls are air cavities, for warmth in winter and coolness in summer. The roof is made lantern-fashion, while a kitchen and separate toilet compartment is built in.

Coal fires are installed for heating and cooking, with drying and airing cupboards, electric light and similar amenities. Nearly all the furniture is adaptable for two or three uses, and the amount of spare room is astonishing.

There are many styles in caravans, and the prices range from £100 to £500. It is possible, though, to buy a second-hand outfit, complete and ready for the road, for as little as £30.

It has been estimated that nearly 40,000 people live in caravans in America, where there is, of course, much more open country awaiting exploration. The general speed limit of 45 m.p.h. applies to caravan outfits in the U.S.A., whereas here all trailers must conform to a 30 m.p.h. limit.

Camp sites are being laid out all over Britain. Their purpose is to provide a properly organised halting-place throughout the year, since more and more people are taking to the "all-the-year-on-wheels" life.

Many commercial travellers and stage artists use the caravan as their means of travelling from town to town, and the advantages of such an arrangement are obvious.

The number of people in America who caravan regularly is estimated at 2,000,000; and at least 40,000 make the "trailer coach," as it is called, their home.

Figures for this country do not bear comparison, and it is doubtful whether there are more than 15,000 caravanners, of whom perhaps 2,000 are "regulars."

Yet there is every sign of a wave of popularity for the caravan, both as a hobby and a home. For one thing, the vehicle has been brought to a degree of comfort and safety that is almost incredible. And for another, the life appeals to a tremendous number of people.

Already there are signs of an American invasion of the caravan manufacturing market, and the first American-built model to be imported arrived recently.

●●● It is called the "Covered Wagon," and is made entirely of steel. It has a refrigerator, its own water-tank to supply taps in the kitchen and shower bath, and an electrical braking system.

On English caravans the brakes are operated through a spring device on the towing-bar, which applies the shoes whenever the trailer tries to overtake the car.

So substantially is the caravan constructed in the United States that it seriously rivals the appeal of the small home.

Literally millions of people spend a large part of the year in moving from one parking ground to another, paying no direct taxes, rates, or rent. It is a minor social revolution.

There are signs of the same kind of thing here, but on a smaller scale, of course. An economist has predicted that in ten years half the population of United States will be living on wheel

Consider Mr. Cook again for moment and it will be seen that he organised his life pretty well. His ca van weighs 25 cwt., and on the princi of one horse-power per cwt. he bou very cheaply, a two-year-old Ameri car of 27 h.p.

This pulls his caravan without difficulty, and Mr. Cook changes his r dence from time to time. Like thea cal people, he has his notepaper head "This week at ——," and writes so thing like "Adjoining London Ro Elstree."

He stays in one place until he and wife are tired of the view, and then next free week-end they hitch up t home and move on—keeping about same distance from Central Lond Remember, Mr. Cook still has a ste job to occupy him during the week.

●●● As they have been the road" for a year or now they have made m friends. The organisation of the C van Club, with its week-end "mee enables them to make friends and k in touch. While already their gre painted caravan is known to m country dwellers up and down country.

Many other caravanners are un mous in their views. Something wh began quietly as a hobby, they say taking such a firm hold on the natio life that within a few years carav will be as common on the roads as c The trailer will be the natural acces that every car-owner will want possess.

Certainly the Ministry of Health alive to the increased demand caravan sites and is responsible fo section of the new Public Health which provides for a system of licens to ensure that only suitable sites used and that they are kept in condition.

Intruder

THE glass tumbled out of a panel in the front door of a home in south-east London with scarcely a sound.

Through the hole made came a stealthy hand, to grope for the Yale lock and turn it. Then the door swung open noiselessly, and the marauder was in.

The chief object of his search was for money. No need to find a "fence" to dispose of that. Therefore no need to share your spoils.

But of money there was none. The family occupying this house did not bestrew it carelessly.

And so the intruder stuffed his pockets with jewellery, trinkets, pounds and pounds worth of valuables that could be carried through the streets without arousing suspicion, and then left the house as noiselessly as he had entered it.

The discovery was a terrible shock for the householder. The place had been denuded of those little treasures that mean so much—and cost so much to buy.

Imagine the relief, then, when a cheque arrived to cover his losses—a cheque from JOHN BULL sent with a speed which—as he admitted in a grateful letter to us—staggered him and his friends.

Similar protection can be yours *now* if you turn to page 34 and sign the coupon you will find there. That's all he did—and see what a difference it made.

But don't put it off another minute. You will only forget.

A Smashing Success

You can make a success of every meal, if remember to put a bottle of Pan Yan on table! No matter what you are having—hot joint, cold meat, fish or cheese—Pan Yan's spicy flavour will improve it. And because it's specially blended to stimulate the gastric juices, Pan Yan helps you get all the goodness from what you eat. It's the stuff to make happy meals and happy families!

AN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEA

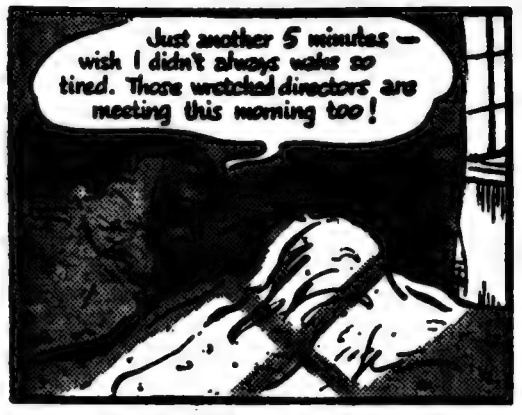
The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily —say W.D. & H.O. WILLS

"Not 'arf it don't!"

WILLS'S CAPSTAN CIGARETTES 10 FOR 6D.
20 FOR 11½D.

W.D. & H.O. Wills, Branches of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.577K

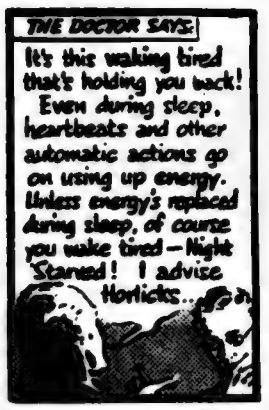
ALL THEIR HAPPINESS depended on him



Oh, Mr. Martin! I had to send that report into the directors' meeting without you seeing it. Sorry couldn't wait. But I checked it carefully.
THINKS: Very efficient—but not your job, young man!

MEANWHILE IN THE DIRECTORS' MEETING
But, my dear sir, Martin looks half asleep all day. If the younger man can do the job better, Martin must take the consequences. I'll talk to Martin

THAT NIGHT
THINKS:
Their happiness depends on my job..! The directors are right, I am half asleep. I'll simply have to see a doctor about this wretched tiredness.


THE DOCTOR SAYS:
It's this waking tired that's holding you back! Even during sleep, heartbeats and other automatic actions go on using up energy. Unless energy's replaced during sleep, of course you wake tired—Night Starved! I advise Horlicks...

3 MONTHS LATER
Darling! Remember I'm getting a rise this month. I hate to see you slaving and doing all the housework yourself. Let's get a daily help in

IF he does, see to it that he gets Horlicks regularly, a cupful every night. He'll get the right kind of sleep, and wake refreshed. He'll be able to concentrate better, he won't be handicapped any longer at his work by that deadening tiredness. Prices from 2/-. Mixer 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

Spare Time Opportunities for JOHN BULL Readers —see page 16

MONSTER BEDDING BALE

Only WITNEY can give Such Value as Easy Terms. 21/- Deposit. 7/6 Bale.

Write for new Catalogue containing over 400 bargains like this famous Witney Bale—clothing as well as household goods. Any article sent on approval —3 months to pay. Use your credit. WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD., 6a Wood Street, Manchester, 2.

"YOU'VE BEEN QUICK! I HAVEN'T FINISHED SHAVING YET"
"TRY VINOLIA, THERE'S NO NEED TO SHAVE IN THE EVENING THEN"
VINOLIA SHAVING CREAM
VINOLIA

FOR SHAVES THAT LAST

Especially if you have a tough, fast growing beard, you will like Vinolia. Vinolia shaves are not only easier—they are closer. And that means they last longer—it is hours before the smartness-destroying scrub appears again on your chin. Shave with Vinolia and look spruce to the end of the day.

The low price of the Vinolia Shaving Stick includes a handsome bakelite drainer case.

VINOLIA

SHAVING STICK 9D.

125 Shaves for

VSS 34/218 Vinolia Co., Ltd., London.

Baby's Suffering Breaks Mother's Heart

Think what a baby must suffer from skin trouble. Perhaps he's chafed and his skin is burning hot and smarting horribly. Or he may be tormented and disfigured by itching, scaly Eczema. And the affliction is aggravated by blankets to keep him warm. No wonder he screams and can't sleep. No wonder mothers are worried by restless babies. But this need not be, for a touch of Cuticura Ointment will cool and soothe the angriest rash and stop the most persistent itching of Eczema. Healing starts with the very first application of Cuticura, and often before the first tin is empty the skin is clear, not a trace of redness or eruption to be seen.

BABY'S FACE A TERRIBLE SIGHT

"Red spots started on my baby's face, they itched all the time, causing baby to scratch and lose a lot of sleep. Her little face was a terrible sight. It used to burn and was terribly inflamed. I had her treated but she got no better until I tried Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap. Now baby is perfectly healed and has a lovely skin." (Signed) Mrs. F. Moon, 42, St. John's Road, Elvington.

If your baby suffers from this trouble Cuticura will quickly heal it. Get a tin to-day.

Cuticura OINTMENT

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 292,404, Mary F. Butler, Ivy Cottage, Beightonfields, Renishaw, near Sheffield.

They saw a half-clad dishevelled man running swiftly down the cinder-track

Night of Terror

I AM sixty-eight years old, and down the lane of my memory are experiences that have been both happy and sad. The most grim event I recall occurred when I was only eight years old; yet it has never been effaced from my mind.

At the time I was living near a colliery where my father was employed as an engineer. Some distance from our house stood an old hall, occupied at the time by the descendants of the man who started the colliery.

This was approached from the highway by an avenue of stately elms, and was hidden from the colliery by a plantation of yews and evergreens. Situated at the entrance of the Hall was a stone lodge.

It was late autumn, and from my bed I could see the moon hanging like a huge lemon in the sky. Beyond the window, trees swayed in the breeze. To my young mind they resembled people who were sad because they could not walk.

Sometimes I would watch them for hours before I dropped off to sleep. While I did so I weaved fantastic stories in which they were the principal actors. This was great fun.

While I was in the middle of one of these stories the sound of running feet roused me suddenly.. When they died down there was a loud banging on the front door.

Wondering what it was all about, I jumped out of bed and went to the top of the stairs..

Below I heard an excited voice say: "There's trouble at the Lodge. You'd better come along—I've called on Jones. He's on his way down."

"I wonder what can be the matter?" my mother asked.

"Yes, I wonder," my father repeated.

Putting on his coat, he hurriedly left to see what the trouble was. Here I will tell the story from his viewpoint.

ARRIVED at the Lodge, he found a party of men congregated outside. Smoke was coming from the windows, but when they got inside they saw that the fire had been extinguished. The smoke came from a heap of smouldering bedclothes that were piled on the floor in one of the bedrooms. A lamp was under the bed.

"What do you think is the matter?" asked one of the mystified party.

"You're as wise as I am," my father replied

For a few moments the men stood in a group wondering what to do. Then they heard something that filled them with awe. It was a strange, unearthly sound, resembling the whine of a dog—a faint, uncanny whine that broke the stillness of the night.

The men came out of the Lodge and for a few moments stood in the front porch gazing curiously across the field to the plantation. The breeze that had been blowing had now subsided, and the countryside was hushed as if in expectation that something awful would happen. That, at least, was how my father viewed it.

"It was," he said, "an awful silence, like that which one experiences in the jungle, and it seemed that every shadow hid something ominous."

For some time none of the party could find words with which to express themselves. All they could do was to stand there erect and silent, gazing with staring eyes at the plantation.

Presently there was another whine. This was followed by something moving among the trees. The men blinked like persons unable to believe their eyes, for there in the faint moonlight they were horrified to see a half-clad, dishevelled man running swiftly down a cinder path that led to the village two miles away. It was obvious that he was demented.

With the words, "Come on, boys!" my father set out with the others in pursuit. They followed the winding path, darkened by the shadows of the overhanging branches of the trees, for about a hundred yards; then they lost sight of the man. Pausing, they looked carefully about them.

Presently there was another whine. This time it came from a meadow near the colliery. It was much louder than the previous one.

At this point a breeze got up, and the sky was filling with ragged clouds that raced across the face of the moon. The party started off again, crossing a meadow until they came to a small stream.

Here they encountered a rising mist that made visibility bad and progress slow.

Every now and then the howls of the madman filled the atmosphere, sometimes near them and at other times farther away. With the greatest caution the party searched the bushes that fringed the meadows, pausing now to regard an object that loomed in the mist, and now at the sound of unusual noises.

As time passed the mist grew denser till, at length, it was difficult to see even a few feet ahead.

The elusive madman, with his sinister howling, got on the men's nerves, for he seemed to be travelling around them in a circle. It would not have been so nerve-racking had the visibility been good.

After about an hour the party came to a huge clump of bushes from which emanated a noise.

WITH rapidly beating hearts the party paused, scarcely daring to breathe. A moment later there was a roar like that of an infuriated tiger. This was followed by the half-naked body of the madman springing on to my father's back.

A titanic fight followed. Snarling like a mad dog and kicking furiously, the lunatic fought the party for three or four minutes, after which he broke away and escaped into the meadow.

Running in pursuit, the party spread out, and in a few minutes they had trapped the man. A further terrific struggle ensued and ended with the unfortunate man being overpowered and taken to the Lodge.

Here he was strapped down to a [illegible] to await the arrival of a doctor.

Soon after one of the party [illegible] saddled a horse and had gone off [illegible] fetch the doctor, who lived six m[illegible] away; the others, tired and exhaus[illegible] by their weary search, dozed in th[illegible] chairs. Meanwhile, the madman [illegible] sunk into a stupor and was breath[illegible] heavily.

Five minutes of quiet followed. T[illegible] suddenly the atmosphere was rent w[illegible] a loud whine. Immediately afterwa[illegible] the demented man, possessed of sup[illegible] human strength, sprang up and b[illegible] his bonds.

Leaping over the bed he grabbed [illegible] chair, and with his teeth bared like t[illegible] fangs of a dog, faced the startled guar[illegible] Realising that it would be dangerous [illegible] close with the man, they had no alt[illegible] native but to quit the room

TO prevent the poor fell[illegible] from hurting himself [illegible] more, my father decid[illegible] to tackle him by throwing a blan[illegible] over his head.

Having obtained a rug from the coa[illegible] room, he carefully unlocked the d[illegible] As he did so, one of the other men kic[illegible] it open. With this done, my fath[illegible] rushed into the room and enveloped t[illegible] maniac. With the aid of the others [illegible] succeeded in throwing him to the grou[illegible] and finally overpowering him.

Eventually the doctor arrived. O[illegible] glance at the unfortunate man told h[illegible] the dreadful truth—he was a victim [illegible] hydrophobia.

It transpired afterwards that he h[illegible] been a groom employed at the Hall a[illegible] had been bitten by a dog suffering fr[illegible] rabies.

THIS WILL ROUS[illegible] YOUR LIVER—

And Make You Feel Like a Million Dol[illegible]

Here is the quickest, also the most pl[illegible] way to put an end to bad breath, sour [illegible] the mouth, pimples and spots, dull head[illegible] dizzy spells, biliousness, rings round [illegible] poor appetite, drowsiness, depress[illegible] constipation, rheumatism, and other [illegible] of a sluggish, disordered liver.

Go to your chemist to-day and get this [illegible] liver tonic—ask for WEX (fizzy fruit [illegible] in separate envelope doses: six for [illegible] start at once to get your liver bile flowing [illegible] The bile is the body's great natural antisep[illegible] sweeps out the impurities which are [illegible] the system, making you feel fat-witted and [illegible] you the megrim. After the first three doses [illegible] will be amazed at the zip WEX [illegible] puts into you. Stomach and intestines are cleansed and sweetened, your kidneys function better, appetite comes back, eyes brighten, lost pep returns. You feel like a million dollars. Be sure to ask for WEX—in convenient envelope doses, six for 1/3d. Or in 1/3d. and 2/6d. bottles. From any chemist.

Ah! Bulmer's Cider

There are 2½ lbs. of Apples to every flagon of Bulmer's Cider

10½D.
A FLAGON
(England & Wales only).
1/- in Scotland.

ASK FOR BULMER'S 'WOODPECKER' (medium-sweet) OR 'DRY' CIDER • FIVE FULL GLASSES TO THE FLAGON

H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Hereford. The largest Cider Makers in the World. reyds 391

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27

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INSIST ON FENNINGS'

FOR INFLUENZA COLDS & FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" to ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

NEED WOMEN GET WORN OUT WITH WASHING CLOTHES?

Yes!
SAYS WORN-OUT PEG
WORN OUT? WHY, GETTING CLOTHES CLEAN TAKES EVERY OUNCE OF A WOMAN'S ENERGY RUBBING AND SCRUBBING FOR HOURS IN A HOT, STEAMY KITCHEN.... NO WONDER I FEEL LIKE A LIMP RAG WHEN I'M FINISHED!
No!
SAYS MODERN MEG
NOWADAYS WITH THE NEW RINSO METHODS, WASHING IS EASY! NO MORE RUBBING AND SCRUBBING! JUST A SWIFT 2-MINUTE BOIL FOR WHITES; A SHORT 12-MINUTE SOAK FOR COLOUREDS. MY CLOTHES ARE BRILLIANT! AND I FEEL FINE!
Take a look! THE NEW RINSO METHODS ARE SO EASY
See! Just 2 minutes at the boil! Pop the whites into the copper in lukewarm Rinso suds. Don't soak or rub them! Instead, simply dampen the extra-dirty pieces, sprinkle on a little Rinso and smooth it in. Bring the clothes to the boil. And boil for 2 minutes.
A quick 12-minute soak brings the coloureds up bright as new! You just put the clothes straight into hand-hot Rinso suds. Let them soak for 12 minutes. They'll be as dazzling after these few minutes that you won't have to do any hard rubbing at all!

WOMEN ABANDON ALL FORMER WASHING METHODS!

Get Brilliant Clothes-lines in Half the Time; Save 30 Minutes' Fuel Every Wash-day—Do No Hard Rubbing!

WOMEN are giving up their former ways of washing clothes for the new Rinso methods.

They are finding that these two new methods, the Rinso 2-minute boil (which takes care of the whites) and the Rinso 12-minute soak (which takes care of the coloureds), actually improve on all old methods in these vital ways:—

1. Save at least half-an-hour's fuel every washday by getting clothes brilliantly clean in *2 minutes at the boil.*
2. Cut out all hard rubbing and long or overnight soaking by getting clothes beautifully white and bright in a quick *12 minutes' soak.*
3. Cut out all tiresome washing-through.

And the reason that Rinso can do all this is: It comes in the form of a fine, pure powder. When this powder touches the water it starts to form rich suds. These rich suds draw the dirt out of the closest fabric. That's why women find they don't have to rub hard at all.

And because Rinso is safe, you can give your daintiest silks and woollens a quick wash-through in cool Rinso suds. They'll be dazzling.

No wonder that thousands of women are turning to the new scientific Rinso methods. In 2 minutes at the boil or 12 minutes' soaking, clothes come so clean that you won't have to do any hard rubbing whatever. Get Rinso today. It costs only 3½d., 6d. or 10d. a packet.

IMPORTANT

DON'T be misled about "extra" whiteness in washing clothes. For safe washing, avoid using any product with a strong bleaching or whitening action.

Rinso gets clothes brilliantly white and clean in a safe, natural way. No mixing is necessary, and no mistakes occur because there are no destructive chemicals in it. Rinso won't harm fast colours, fabrics or hands.

2 minutes' boiling or 12 minutes' soaking—that's all you need with

RINSO

2/3/37-564-65 R. S. Hudson Limited, London

New Feet for 1/6

—thanks to Radox. Corns came right out

'I seemed to have new feet,' Miss K. B. writes. A very happy description of the glorious feeling of foot-comfort that follows a Radox footbath. No matter how long you've suffered from corns, no matter how many remedies you've tried—take a few Radox footbaths and your feet will be completely free from corns. Here's a letter that proves the claims of Radox :—

'I am a teacher of stage dancing, and for many years have been troubled with corns. Have been nearly crippled with toe dancing, but had to go on. Seeing your advert. for Radox, I thought I would try it, and to my astonishment I seemed to have new feet. I am now toe dancing in great comfort, for my corns have come right out. I also use Radox for hard skin on the soles of my feet. I think it is marvellous and have recommended it to many of my pupils.'

June 8th, 1937. Miss K. B., Sunderland.

HOW RADOX REMOVES CORNS

Knives and burning acids only touch the top of a corn. They leave the root. To get at the root, you have to get through the pores. It is the oxygen released by Radox which penetrates the pores. And it is this oxygen which carries the softening salts of Radox straight to the root of the corn, so loosening it that after a few footbaths it comes right out with the assistance of your forefinger and thumb.

1/6 *Ten-Ounce Pink Packet.*

Ask for Radox at your chemist's. Price 1 6d. per 10-ounce Pink Packet, 2 6d. double quantity. Also in cubes, 3 for 7½d.

RADOX

The DAILY treat for troubled feet!

KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS
MOTHS
BEETLES
FLEAS *etc.—even bugs*

● For over half a century KEATINGS POWDER has proved the best and safest insecticide for the home, for poultry, dogs and all pets. Invaluable when sprinkled in furs, clothes, bedding, etc., as a preventative against moth. *Kills Green Fly.*

—But it must be KEATINGS

Cartons 2d., 6d., 1/. Powder Flasks 1/-

SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema, and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP.
50, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for FREE Sample.

Elasto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD. (Dept 18A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

MECHANISED BRITAIN (5)

Machine-Made LIVES

HOW do machines affect *your* private life?

In previous articles you have read of the far-reaching results of mechanisation upon the services, industry and education. But not less revolutionary, though less perceived, has been its transformation of the daily affairs of most people—you, the folk next door, millions more.

To realise its full extent, sample a day in the lives of that ordinary man-and-woman-in-the-street couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson. Neither rich nor poor, they dwell in a London suburban villa which Mr. Robinson reluctantly leaves six times a week for his dull job in the City.

They are awakened in the morning by a particularly ingenious and insistent machine that, so Bernard Shaw declares, was invented by the Devil—an alarm clock.

They breakfast on food prepared by machines.

Milk in bottles washed and hermetically sealed by machines, brought to their door by car. Tea cut, weighed and packed by machines. Cereals that no hands have touched. Eggs graded by an inhuman "eye." Bacon sliced by machine, marmalade produced and bottled by machines, bread mechanically mixed and baked.

Mr. Robinson, groomed and fed, bids his wife "good-bye" and soon is being hustled Londonwards by an electric train.

Arriving at the terminus, he could have his shoes cleaned by a Robot whose arms are operated by wheels instead of nerves. Or, had he forgotten his handkerchief, he could buy one by pressing a sixpence into a slot.

◆◆ Our Mr. Robinson, needing neither, at once joins the crowd being carried down by escalator to the vaulty depths of the Tube. Deposited in the booking hall, he finds that his smallest coin is a shilling. And, it being Monday morning, he is so unsaintly as to scowl with annoyance.

Still, it's only a few steps to the automatic coin changer. Into the slot goes his shilling and—almost as fast as he could pronounce his own name—a sixpenny bit, pence and halfpence rattle into the tray.

Or he may even find one of the very latest machines that issue a ticket and deliver correct change simultaneously.

A pity our friend has no time to reflect on the genius of these machines!

Proof against oversize, undersize, thinness, thickness, overweight and underweight in coins, the change-giving machines also subject them to a magnet test that will reject any other imperfections.

Counterfeiters can defeat them only by sacrificing the colour and outward appearance of their fakes, and even then a glass panel shows the last coin inserted.

On London's Underground system alone twenty tons of copper and ten tons of silver are changed by these machines in a single morning.

But keep your eyes on John Robinson.

On the platform he finds he is short of both cigarettes and matches. What easier than to get them from a machine?

One automatic machine company owns 3,500 separate tobacco licences!

If he needs something to sustain him during the morning, there are really decorative, illuminated auto-shops which supply as many as sixteen kinds of sweetmeats.

If he is wise, he will weigh himself once a week—and last year a total number of people equal to fifteen times the tonnage of the *Queen Mary* used automatic weighing machines to test their health.

Soon our City-goer is stepping through the mechanically operated doors of the Tube train: a few minutes pass, and he is being carried to daylight by a lift.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Robinson has been busy. She has "run round," as she puts it, with the vacuum cleaner, the machine she values above all others. Now she is rapidly and easily disposing of the week's laundering with the help of a mechanical washer and wringer.

One of the very latest machines which issues a ticket and delivers correct change instantaneously

Mrs. Robinson likes labour-saving devices. Luckily, her husband's job is good enough for her tastes to be gratified.

She keeps her food in a refrigerator that depends upon a simple little machine for its stable temperature. She owns that cheap little gadget which squeezes lemon and grapefruit without mess, another that makes ice cream in a few minutes.

The washing done, and lunch cooked by a stove which can be automatically adjusted for correct cookery, and which has its consumption mechanically checked by a meter in the housemaid's cupboard, Mrs. Robinson goes off to have her hair waved and her scalp massaged by machines which are friends to half the women in the land.

Then, remembering that she owes a letter to her sister, she tries her luck on a stamp machine—one of 13,500 which between them operate 479,218,720 times a year and are so securely cemented into walls that even the strongest man cannot shake them when they fail to deliver their goods.

Next, she walks through a chain store, smiles at the autos which offer to test her nerve or register her sex appeal, and which may purr "70 per cent., madam," if she is willing to ascertain her "magnetic personality percentage."

And so back to cook the evening meal, watching the automatic traffic lights to secure a safe passage among the familiar machines of the roads—buses, trams, lorries and the rest.

◆◆ Her husband, newspaper in hand as he travels home—a newspaper produced by the most complicated mechanical processes—sniffs as he reads of automatons which supply lists of eligible partners in Japanese dance halls, or cards and chips for Americans to play poker.

"Machine mad," he mutters. Maybe he forgets the machines in British seaside resorts which play a piano and violins simultaneously. And the one in amusement saloons which shows a news reel film if you prompt it with twopence, the price of a minute's marksmanship with an auto machine-gun.

Machines at swimming pools which sell hair cream. Those in the big cities which offer such diverse commodities as milk, razor blades, sandwiches and aspirin.

The "fruit machines" for gamblers. Pneumatic drills, mechanical na[vvies] and cement mixers which offend [our] ears in the streets. The telepho[ne] "time machine." Turnstiles at fo[ot]grounds, factory "time-keepers."

Machines which make our cl[othes] furniture, the windows of our ho[mes] practically everything about us.

◆◆ After dinner, [Mr.] Robinson oils the l[awn] mower which he [uses] during the week-[end] and finishes the day by taking his [wife] to the kinema, though neither of [them] will think of the machines by [which] the film is projected.

Neither he nor she will think [of] Ctesibus, who, two hundred years [before] Christ, invented the first automa[tic] machine—a device for providing E[gyp]tians with purified water before enter[ing] a temple on payment of a coin in[the] slot!

And neither of them wonders to [what] strange form of living the increas[ing] mechanisation is rushing us all. [Does] you?

Change your razor from foe to friend—try Parke Davis Shaving Cream. Your Chemist sells large tubes at 1s. 6d., or a 7-day free sample will be sent on application to Box 326/61A, Euthymol, 50, Beak St., London, W.1.

PARKE DAVIS Shaving Cream

10,000,000 weeks a year are lost to industry from *nervous illness!*

In Liquid or Tablet Form

℞
Cinchonin Sulp. . 0.028
Cinchonidin Sulp. 0.028
Quinidin Sulp. . 0.028
Ac. Phos. Conc. . 8.281
Quinine Sulp. . . 0.455
Aq. Dest. 84.899
Ac. Glycerophos . 0.056
Spt. Rectif 6.0
Sacchar. Ust. . . . 0.225

So says the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health.

In the midst of this deplorable state of affairs, one thing is sure—the need in this nerve-racking age for a more general use of such a health building tonic as PHOSFERINE.

The outstanding efficacy of PHOSFERINE as a nerve-tonic is recognised not only by the many distinguished people who owe to it their ability to carry on under stress, but to medical authority which admits the value of its openly-published ingredients.

The immediate use of PHOSFERINE at the first sign of nerve trouble would do much to reduce the great loss the country suffers from nerve disturbances of one kind or another.

You owe it as a duty to yourself to keep at concert pitch no matter what the strain, and because PHOSFERINE acts instantly, it provides the nerves with the very elements which, in their overwrought condition, they fail to extract from your daily diet.

Keep yourself fit with

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

All Chemists sell Phosferine—Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

A 6d. trial size of Phosferine Tablets is now obtainable
(Not available in the I.F.S.)

WARNING. The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations

C.F.11.

GROW THICK, STRONG WAVY HAIR LIKE THIS

Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness or Hair-killing Dandruff. Grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Dandruff, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. MURPHY writes: "Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box, my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the Hair is now thick and is a mass of waves, and is more healthy looking."

KOTALKO HAIR GROWER

Post Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse & Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP—the Tonic Shampoo.

NEWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS

Here are some interesting offers which readers of "John Bull" should not overlook :—

A Free seven-day trial tube of a famous shaving cream. (PAGE TWENTY-SIX.)

AN ideal summer drink because it suits everyone. (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.)

READERS can obtain a magnificent art colour print, free with every purchase of a packet of famous dog powders. (PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT.)

A useful free medical book—"Everybody's Doctor." (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.)

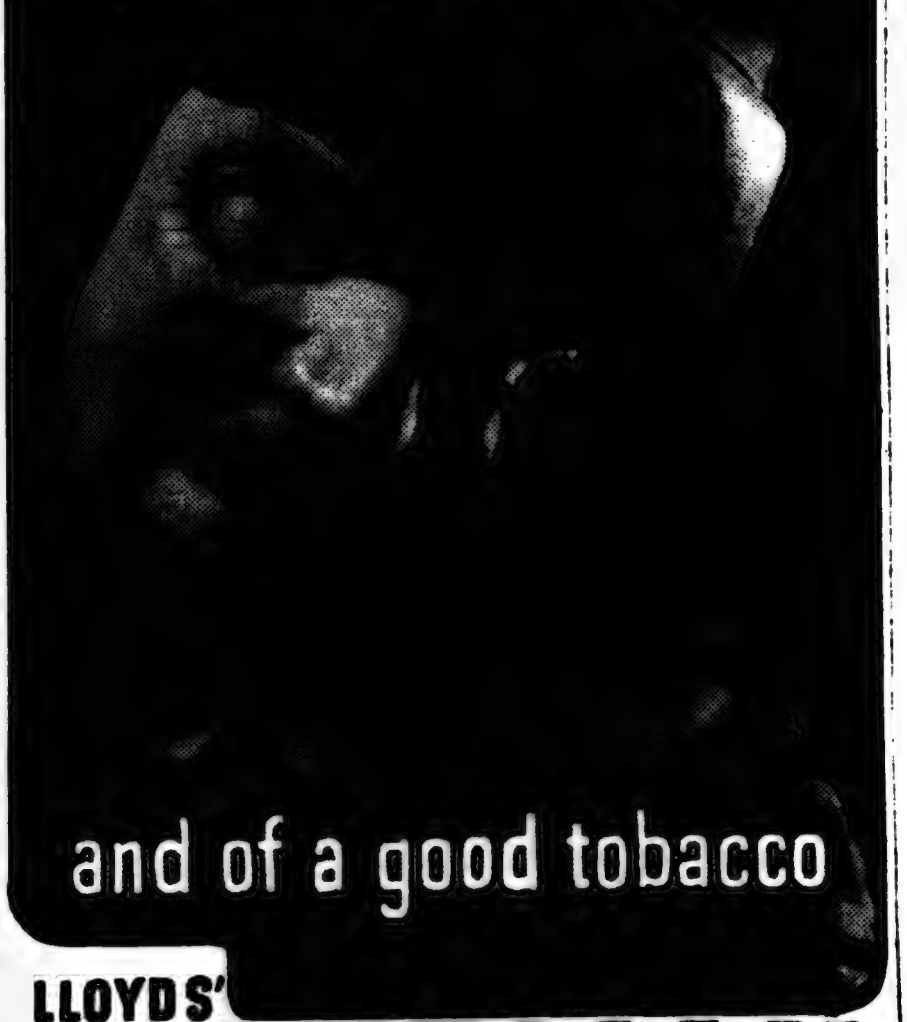
A famous Radio obtainable on easy payments of 5/- monthly. (PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT.)

A free useful packet (or handbag) sample tin of indigestion tablets. (PAGE TWENTY-NINE.)

HOW to get brilliant, clean clothes by the latest washing method. (PAGE TWENTY-FIVE.)

COOLNESS..

. . . the secret of Speedway triumphs



and of a good tobacco

LLOYD S'

BONDMAN

is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D per oz.

ITS PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

You can forget your feet

if you remember

Reckitt's PINE CUBES

A Reckitt's Pine Cube dissolved in a bowl of warm water soon takes the pain and inflammation from hot and weary feet.

RECKITT AND SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 18½ x 10 x 9½ins.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S3 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including: Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; reliable 6-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid **£4.17.6**

Easy Payments 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. F. S. of London, W.14, writes:—"Received S3 Wireless Set in perfect condition, and was listening in just over hour. It is no lot to say that the Set is really more than I expected. Friends who have seen and heard it are absolutely amazed at the results, tone and price. Believe me, in London here, there are Sets acquired one that have cost more than double the price of my S3, and not worth a light in comparison. I am delighted."

Mr. A. B., Lee, S.E.—"S3 Radio Set arrived safely on Tuesday. We are delighted with it. It certainly is a bit of gilt edged stock."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your system daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays inside you. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned, and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3d. and 3/-.

RHEUMATISM

NEEDLESS SUFFERING.

"Uraco brand tablets have been taken consistently by a person suffering from Arthritis and very beneficial results have been obtained when other treatment had failed to give relief."—Nurse ——, Goodmayes, Essex. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 133, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

Human Documents by Philip Inman

She has been the best mother in the world. Am I to let her struggle all alone?

LOVE— or Duty?

I RECEIVE a great number of letters from young folk who are engaged to be married. One of the most common of their problems is this: Which should come first—love or duty? They tell me that whatever they do they will have to disappoint somebody—parents or lover. One girl writes:

I have been engaged for some years now, but, in view of my fiancé's circumstances, there seems to be no prospect of marrying for some time to come. He is the only son and keeps both his parents entirely on his small wage. His father, who was comfortably off for many years, lost his money speculating.

My boy, who never spends a penny on himself, has to suffer in consequence. He earns sufficient to keep their little home going, but has not enough to marry, even if I were willing to live with his family. He has three sisters, one of whom has married very well and the others are earning more than he does.

But they contribute practically nothing to the upkeep of the home. Why should our lives be spoilt because of the selfishness of those who have lived their lives in comfort and wasted the money that would have kept them in their old age? I shall be so grateful if you can suggest a way out.

▲ "Honour thy father and thy mother"—that is an old commandment and it is a very just and right one. Children have a definite responsibility towards their parents and those who are decent do not attempt to shirk it.

Equally, parents have a duty towards their children, and it is not right that they should expect them to sacrifice the whole of their lives on their account.

In this particular case it is grossly unfair that, through the foolish speculation of that father, his son should have to pay the penalty for it. It is, I am afraid, an instance of the willing horse. But, in fairness to himself as well as to my correspondent, he should insist upon things being placed on a more equitable footing.

That married daughter should contribute something towards the maintenance of her parents. Her brother and his fiancée have as much right to a home of their own as she has. Those other two girls should share equally in the responsibilities of the home.

I am not told how old those parents are, but they must be approaching the age when they can draw the old-age pension. That, coupled with the assistance of their four children, should be quite sufficient for their needs.

My correspondent asks for a way out. I have pointed out one which I consider to be eminently reasonable. And I hope her fiancé will take it.

Now, here we have the same kind of problem, but it raises very different questions. Here is the letter:

My mother, my fiancé and myself, says this girl, all live together in a flat. My mother is a widow and my fiancé has lost both his parents. He is in regular employment, earning about £4 a week. I, too, am at work, and my wages are £2 11s. a week, with a 2s. rise each year and a pension on retirement or superannuation on marriage.

The position is this: I would like to start buying a house. Do you think it would be fair to ask my fiancé to assist me to do so, for, as things are, I can see no way to our early marriage. My mother is dependent upon me, and only has a widow's pension of 10s. She is not very strong and from time to time has to have rather expensive medical treatment.

My fiancé, if we married, could not, therefore, buy a house, keep three people and possibly a child or two on £4 a week. With our combined earnings we could in time purchase the house, furnish it and live there comfortably with my mother. She has been the best mother in the world, and when my father died worked very hard indeed to educate us well, so that on no account will I let her live and struggle alone.

We are all very happy together, and I am now twenty-nine and my boy is thirty-one. I am not anxious to marry very soon, as I am not desirous of relinquishing my job after working hard to attain it for the last fourteen years. But if you consider the plan I have outlined is a wise one, our home would be ready for us when we do settle down. Would the buying of a house in partnership be a fair deal to my fiancé?

Frankly, I don't like this girl's suggestion. Suppose if for any reason that engagement should be broken off. The position then would be a very difficult one. All sorts of problems would arise. Here are some of them:

How could the amounts paid into the house be adjusted? Which one would go on paying the instalments? And if it had to be sold at a sacrifice, how would the loss be assessed? "But there is no danger of our engagement ending," this girl may say. I hope not, but that possibility must be faced.

A far wiser plan would be for this girl and her boy to put by what money they can spare and invest, say, in National Savings Certificates. They could take them out in their own names, and then, when the time came for their marriage, they would have a nest-egg to purchase their home. With their combined earnings those two should be able to save quite a substantial amount.

Let me deal briefly with two other letters. They are both from young men. The first one says:

My girl, who is now twenty-three, was adopted at the age of five, and, as her foster-parents are in the late sixties, she feels it her duty to devote herself to them in their declining years. We are very much in love, but her mother has told her that she dreads the idea of her ever marrying, so naturally she hesitates to take me to meet them.

She is very grateful to these people for having looked after her since infancy, but is it right that she should sacrifice the best years of her life to them?

▲ That foster-mother dreads this girl ever marrying, I am told. That seems to me a very selfish attitude. What is going to happen to her when they have passed on? It should be a great joy to her to feel that her adopted child has achieved a happy marriage.

I think this girl should be frank and tell them she has fallen in love and that she wants to bring her young man to see them. It may be that they will take a liking to my correspondent and consent to the engagement.

He can express his gratitude for all they have done for the girl, and he can assure them that in return he will help her to care of them in their old age. That is the straightforward and sensible way of dealing with this problem.

The second young man tells me that he lost both his parents when a child and that he has been brought up by his grandmother. This old lady has other daughters, who are all married, but she seems to depend upon my correspo for everything, especially since she a serious illness two years ago. letter goes on:

I have now a steady job, but the is very small. Recently I was given opportunity of taking a better although it would mean moving from this town. I am twenty-five old and my ambition is to marry and a home of my own. And yet someh feel I ought not to leave her just she seems to need me most.

▲ It is that last sentence makes me hesitate. Apart it, I should have said that young fellow should not be expecte shoulder the whole burden. It is right that the daughters of that old even though they are married, sh take their share of the responsibility

But my correspondent is obvious very decent fellow. He remem thankfully all that his grandmother done for him. I doubt whether would be really happy if he left her at a time when, as he says, she n him most. I feel that his best co will be to go and have a talk with doctor who has looked after his gr mother.

He could advise him as to the sta her health, and whether his going would have serious effects upon her. he thinks that the old lady is not l to live for long, then I advise hi remain with her. If, however, she live for many years, then I do not t he should be denied his chance of motion and ultimate happiness. In latter case, his aunts should assist to achieve his desires.

Send your private problem to "Human at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclo stamped envelope. Letters sent to Inman at any other address cannot dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for letter quoted.

IF YOU KEEP A DO

do what dog EXPERTS do

KEEP HIM WELL

What do you do to prevent your dog suffe from skin irritation which causes excessive Scra ing, Listlessness, Bad Breath, Loss of Appe Poor Coat, Eczema, etc., etc.? Do you give ordinary dog powders which contain only active ingredient—or do you give him KARSWOOD Dog Powders, which are used by 31 out of 100 Dog Experts and recommended by most Breeders, Exhibitors, etc.? Karswood Dog Pow are the only powders which reach and re every vital organ in a dog's system. Karswood Powders contain (1) IRON for the Blood; PHOSPHORUS for the Nerves and Mus (3) IODINE for the Glands; (4) TONIC SAL for the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Kidn (5) SULPHUR for the Skin; (6) CALCIUM Bone Development, and for this reason are greatest power for good any dog—irrespe of breed, size or age—can possibly have. in packets 9 for 6d. or 21 for 1/-, from Ta Taylors, Timothy Whites, Chemists, Dog Sh Shops, etc. Get a 1/- packet to-day and wat

FREE GIFT WORTH 7½d.

As an introductory gift, you will receive every 1/- packet Karswood Dog Powders magnificent Art Colour-Print, genuinely w 7½ d., absolutely free. Get yours to-day.

JOURNEYED 9000 MILES FOR OPERATION ...but MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS PUT HIM RIGHT

Read this amazing tribute to MOORLAND Indigestion Tablets

"I have been using your Moorland Brand Tablets for the last two or three months, in fact, ever since I have been in England. My mother has also found them of great help to her. In fact, she has tried every known remedy for indigestion but has found nothing to equal your tablets.

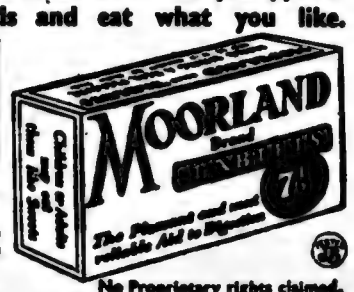
I might mention I have been in the United States for the past twenty-six years, and, during the past three years, I have suffered terribly from stomach pains. I had treatments from doctors there, also had X-rays taken, and to make a long story short came to England to be operated on, but am pleased to say after taking your Moorland Brand Tablets I have not had a pain or ache since, and no operation."— G.R., Norfolk.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health—appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

Take two MOORLAND Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

MOORLAND BRAND **INDIGESTION TABLETS**

As all Chemists: 7½d. in cardboard cartons (30 tablets) **1/3** flat pocket tins (110 tablets)



FREE Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:

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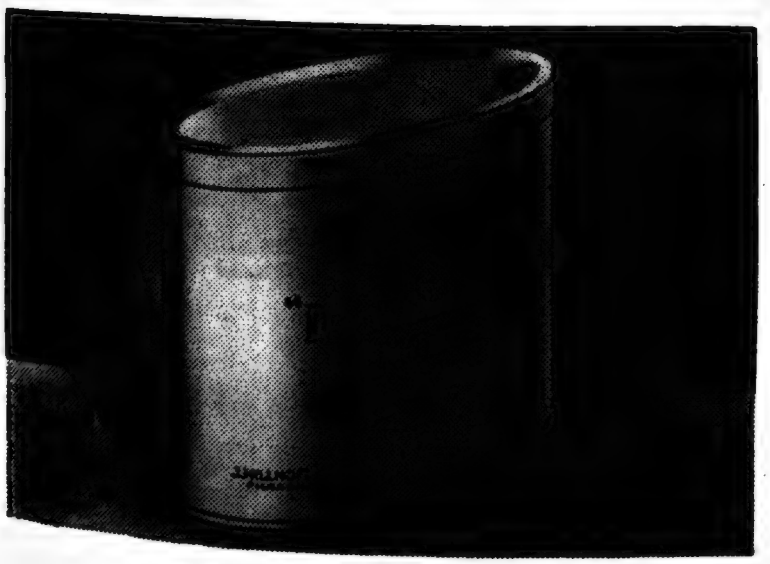
W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD. (Dept. J. B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

CAPENSIS
GUARANTEED 100% PURE

THE BIG TOILET ROLL
FOR THE THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD
Extra Soft Paper

Its beauty is more than tin deep...



THE 'Minor' tin is made for use more than for show. It keeps De Reszke Minors fresh and uncrushed as the day you bought them. Slip it into pocket, handbag or rucksack—whatever you do, wherever you go—the oval tin 'takes the strain.'

And what a worthy mission in life, to keep IN PERFECT CONDITION 30 De Reszke Minors. Each is a ten-minute smoke of the finest De Reszke tobacco, fragrant and well packed.

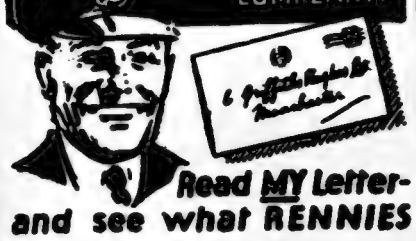
★

The price is 1/- for 30.
Give them a trial straight away.
They're at all tobacconists.

ASK FOR A TIN OF THIRTY DE RESZKE MINORS

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD.

Gastritis
A POSTMANS COMMON COMPLAINT

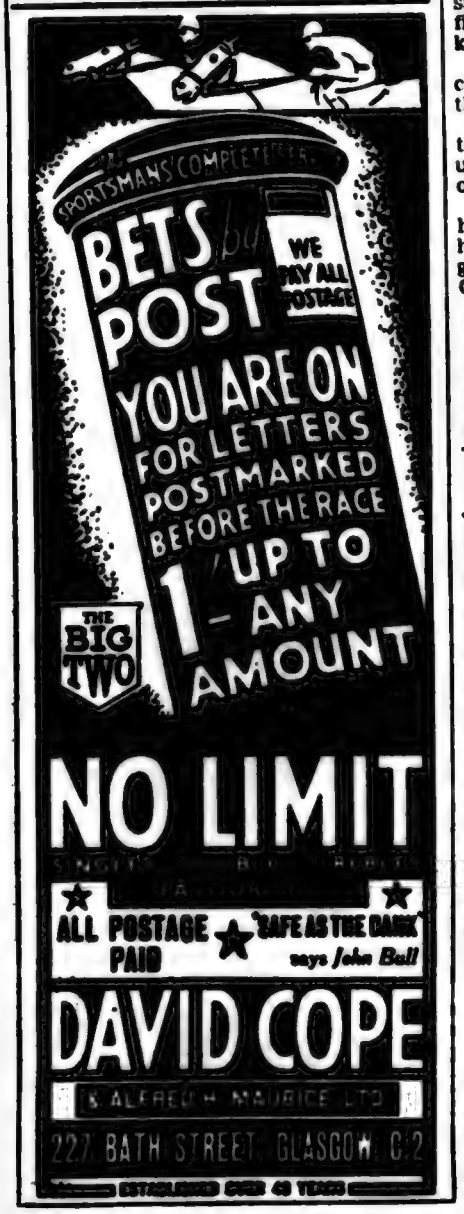


Read MY Letter- and see what RENNIES have done

, I am a postman, and gastritis is a common complaint amongst postmen. I have suffered a long time, and I have had periods of sick leave as well, but your "Rennies" gave me so much comfort I could jump for joy. I am so pleased that I am going to tell all our postmen about them, because I shall never be without them. Stomach powder did not ease me as much as your "Rennies," so good luck to your firm, and thank you.'
J. H. V., Halifax.

There is no doubt about the remarkable power of Digestif Rennie. It banishes all indigestion and stomach pain with a speed that has to be experienced to be believed. There are 15 ingredients in Digestif Rennie. They conquer the acid in your stomach. They digest your food. Dissolving without water, they enter the stomach undiluted. Pain goes. Indigestion is no more. 'Rennie' Tablets are pleasanter—they taste like sweets. They are more convenient—you carry as many as you'll need. Each is wrapped in wax paper. Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles are obtainable from any chemist. Get some to-day and say a sweet goodbye to indigestion. Trial size 6d. Family size 1s. 9d.

SUCK TWO Rennies after meals and feel fine


SPORTSMANS COMPLETE
BETS BY POST
WE PAY ALL POSTAGE
YOU ARE ON FOR LETTERS POSTMARKED BEFORE THE RACE
UP TO 1 - ANY AMOUNT
THE BIG TWO
NO LIMIT
ALL POSTAGE PAID
"SAFE AS THE BANK" says John Bull
DAVID COPE
ALFRED MAURICE LTD
227 BATH STREET GLASGOW C.2
ESTABLISHED OVER 40 YEARS

Don't Believe Landlords who Pretend to Know More than the Cabinet

IN the course of my duties as a builder's surveyor I have to visit many working-class homes.

In scores of them I have heard disquieting news from the occupiers in the last few weeks with regard to the expiration of the Rents Acts next year.

It is that landlords are informing the tenants that they have "inside knowledge" that the Government does not intend to continue rents control. This is, of course, sheer bluff, because it will be months before the Cabinet's decision is known.

But the landlords go farther. They are offering these tenants bribes of from £5 to £10 to quit at once so that the houses will automatically become decontrolled and the next occupiers required to pay much heavier rents.—ROBERT MOIR, Hollinwood, Oldham, Lancs.

Numerous readers have consulted us about this trick and our advice is that it would be foolish to give up their present security. It is inconceivable that the Government will dare to end rents control.

Ancient Egg

ON the first day of a holiday we have been spending in the country my small son found a turkey's egg in a field, the owner of which allowed him to keep it.

After a month we were packing to come home when the boy reported that the egg was missing.

Our maid confessed that she had mistaken it for a large duck's egg and had used it to make the Yorkshire pudding on the previous Sunday!

Then I remembered that my husband had said it was the best "Yorkshire" he had ever tasted and that one of our guests had asked for the recipe.—Mrs. C. VERGETTE, Ecclesall Road, Sheffield, 11.

Chinese, for 5,000 years, have insisted that an egg is neither palatable nor digestible until it is at least six weeks old.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Best For "A.P."

WHEN glorious Goodwood is over there is a lull in the big-race campaign until the "Ebor" comes along towards the end of August.

It used to be said that our old enemy the commission agent packed his bag in August and, with a bulging satchel, spent the month and the money on the Riviera.

Nowadays, however, backers are very well informed and a good wager often provides the holiday "exes" for the punter.

Alexandra Park and Chepstow are the venues for the week-end racing and each card should supply a good winner. Chief event at A.P. is the Metropolitan Handicap, and this may be won by Bydand. Repondant may take the Highbury Plate.

At Chepstow I suggest as the best wagers Bonnie Scotland, who did us a good turn at 10 to 1, and Herodote Bachelor.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, July 29, to Wednesday, August 4.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J

I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: N95SMEU would read TAKE MY.

Where a double letter occurs in the name the figure 2 is substituted. KX[295 would read SONNA.

He's Angry

AN amazing device is being used by the Corporation of this town to popularise the domestic use of electricity.

The electricity department has, in all seriousness, issued leaflets displaying this advice:—

Don't
KILL YOUR WIFE
With Hard Work.

Let
ELECTRICITY
Do it for you.

This municipal inducement to mass slaughter of married women is monstrous.—H. W. SPEECH, Nelson Road, Ipswich.

We suspect the Corporation electricity manager of a sense of humour, which he has invoked for publicity purposes.

Rebutted

NOTHING more incredible was said at the recent conference of the British Medical Association than that talking in sleep is not governed by the sub-conscious mind, but is due merely to relaxing of the voice muscles without prompting from the brain.—J. G. WEEKES, Dudley Road, Birmingham, 18.

This statement must be wrong because deaf-and-dumb persons sometimes talk in sign language while asleep.

Alarm

RETURNING home at midnight, I found the house was in darkness.

Just as I was about to insert my key I heard a man's voice in the front sitting-room. Picking up a weapon from the garden, I entered softly and cautiously and distinctly heard the word "night" spoken.

Throwing open the sitting-room door, I shouted "Hands up!" and, at the same moment, switched on the electric light.

From an armchair came a scream. I had wakened my wife. She had fallen asleep in the darkness leaving the radio switched on.

The voice I had heard was that of the announcer saying good-night.—M. R. HOWARD, Fellows Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

Contrariwise, the B.B.C. has a number of reports of burglars being scared away by speech from sets which householders had not switched off before retiring.

SOS

LAST month in Tanganyika, where I am a magistrate, I was invited to the home of a native chief to listen to a wireless set which he had just procured.

We tuned in to London. The first words I heard were those of an SOS for my brother who was on a motor tour in England asking that he should go to our mother who was dangerously ill in hospital.

By "jumping" aeroplanes, I reached Britain in eight days. My mother is still alive and recovering.—ERNEST HAWKINS, Prince's Road, Notting Hill, W.11.

It would be interesting to know the impression left on the Tanganyikan natives.

Paper Economy

THERE is an acute paper shortage in the world. I am amazed, therefore, at the amount of paper which is wasted in Britain, particularly in the form of used omnibus and tramcar tickets.

In my country—America—every passenger vehicle displays notices inside asking the public to place their [illegible] in boxes.

The paper thus saved is equal [illegible] total production of our seven [illegible] paper factories.—M. L. HOYLE, [illegible] chester Hotel, London.

London Passenger Transport Board conductors find that only one passenger in eight places the used ticket in the receptacle provided. Ten years ago only one in thirty did so.

More M.P.s

REDISTRIBUTION of Parliamentary constituencies twenty years ago was intended to give "one vote one value."

That principle has been hopelessly vitiated by the recent drifts of population.

Before there is anything like uniformity in the size of constituencies at least twenty more will now have to be formed and the size of the House of Commons increased to 635 seats.—H. RIDLEY, Cornford Grove, Balham, S.W.12.

Constituencies were planned on the assumption of average electorates of 50,000. But seventeen — Rochdale (Essex) leading with 167,930—are over the 100,000 mark. Smallest constituency is Barnard Castle (Durham) with 27,300 electors.

Is It So?

WHEREVER physical fitness [illegible] for girls and women are [illegible] the gymnasiums in which they are [illegible] are being supplied with busts [illegible] statues of the Venus de Milo as a [illegible] of the "Keep Fit" campaign.

This is absurd. The modern [illegible] has no desire to pattern herself [illegible] physical standards of this lady. [illegible] outdated.—Miss MURIEL WALTERS, [illegible] don Road, Retford, Notts.

Physical culturists and physicians are agreed that Venus de Milo's trifle round shouldered and that somewhat narrow chest is indicative of lung trouble.

Debatable

CINEMAS would be still more popular if the "big" or most interesting scenes in films were shown at least twice to the audience. People would not then wait for the second showing to see the scenes again.—ALBERT G[illegible], Newton Hill, Wakefield, Yorks.

It is a condition of cinema licences in South America that when patrons wish to see a scene again it is shown over and over until they are satisfied. And when they indicate they do not like a picture, it must be stopped and another started.

We invite readers to write to us on any subject of public interest, letting us in touch with the world as they see it.

Letters should be as brief, forceful and topical as may be.

Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Bag," should be addressed to "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, London, W[illegible]

No more Summ[illegible]
SLUGGISHNE[illegible]

This is the time of year when everyone should feel bright, lithe and vigorous. But many people don't; they're languid, "can't be bothered."

There's a double-quick remedy for [illegible] end to that state of affairs. Every [illegible] before breakfast drink a glass of [illegible] into which you have stirred a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt. This cool, [illegible] laden with invigorating [illegible] Potassium, Lithium, etc. These [illegible] clarify and revitalise the [illegible] carrying Uric Acid out of the [illegible] accumulated Uric Acid that [illegible] and makes you feel sluggish. [illegible] Fynnon Salt to rinse Uric Acid away. [illegible] of people know how effectively it [illegible] Fynnon Salt earned its wonderful [illegible] as "the mystery remedy for Rheumatism," but its curative value goes much further [illegible] gives tone and vigour to the [illegible] neatness to the figure, a new vitality [illegible] body.

Get a 1/3 tin from your Chemist [illegible] Fynnon Salt daily. There's no better [illegible] —no better antidote for sluggishness.

Two trusty Tandem Tyres-

DUNLOP

TANDEM & DUNLOP SPRITE TANDEM

Built for the job—by experts who know the particular needs of tandem work.

Add to your tandem touring joys—fit DUNLOP.

DUNLOP TANDEM In two tandem sizes, 26" x 1¾" and 28" x 1¾". Available in either translucent or black. A tyre second only to the Dunlop Sprite Tandem. Cover 8/- Tube 2/6

DUNLOP SPRITE TANDEM Smaller size weighs only 23 ozs. Fine ribbed tread gives minimum rolling resistance and maximum grip when sprinting. Sizes 26" x 1¼" (Tandem), 25" x 1¼" (Tandem). Cover 8/6 Tube 2/6

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED, FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM. *Branches throughout the World.*

C.F.H.

24/36

Warm Weather Health Hints

Remedies which give you prompt relief to Summer Ailments

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

AVOID Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse and sleeplessness; it leads to restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it now (Prescription No. 1008/T).** Prices: 2/6, 5/6,

Descriptive Book (J.B. 296). Price 2d. post free.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Why these Disturbed Nights?

KIDNEY and Bladder troubles can be relieved. Quickly. Surely. Until you have tried "**Shadforten**" you may be enduring endless suffering from misery—mental as well as physical. There is not an ingredient in them that can do you the slightest harm. Cooling, cleansing, healing "**Shadforten**" have been the successful remedy for Cystitis, Prostatitis, Gravel, Gall Stones, Scalding and Associated Liver, Kidney, Uric Acid and Bladder troubles and disturbed nights. Try them to-night. Prices: 1/6 (25), 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/- (300).

Valuable book (J.B. 254) on Bladder and Kidney Troubles. Price 2d. post free.

DON'T RISK HEAT WAVE COLLAPSE!

Prescription that gives Relief in Warm Weather

DON'T be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Ask for **Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 12/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops your failing to pieces feeling.

Special Book on Heart Troubles (J.B. 320). Price 2d. post free.

HEADACHE, NEURITIS

Painful Nerve-sheath Inflammation

ALL nerve pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "**Shadforth Compound**," the new pain-killer (No. 283). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature and kills bacteria. Prices: 1/6, 2/6 (72), 3/- (100), 3/6 (150 tablets).

Shadforth Booklet (J.B. 260). Price 2d. post free.

FOR BACKACHE

Gout and Rheumatism and many Uric Acid Troubles

nothing is better than this tablet, composed of Potas. Nitrate, Colchicum, Methylene Blue, Buchu, Venice Turpentine, Bearberry, Capsicum, Juniper Oil, and Copaiba. This prescription stimulates the kidneys, reduces tension and swelling, expels uric acid, and has a soothing antiseptic effect on the Bladder. The methylene blue kills pain, it colours the urine blue. Dose: 1 or 2 thrice daily. **Shadforth Prescription (No. 69).** Prices: 9d. (12), 1/6 (36), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), and 12/- (432 tablets).

For Backache consult the Shadforth Booklet (No. J.B. 197). Price 2d. post free.

These prescriptions are obtainable privately packed and post free at these prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD

DISPENSING CHEMISTS

Dept. J.B. X), 40, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

This Woman Was Once 'PARALYSED WITH NEURITIS'

And Suffered Agonies With ACIDITY, STOMACH TROUBLE AND NERVE DECAY

Dr. Cassells Tablets Performed A Miracle!

From Our Special Health Investigator,

Chas. Francis

Hampton Hill, Wednesday.

Middle-age is always a trying time for women for Nature then subjects them to weakening ordeals.

To this rule Mrs. D. Smith, of Hampton Hill, Middlesex, was no exception, but through the unfailing help of Dr. Cassells Tablets she is now a wonderfully fit and healthy woman.

I paid her a surprise visit for I had heard how enthusiastic she was about Dr. Cassells Tablets.

"I am more than thankful for this splendid remedy," was her eager opening remark. "I owe my present perfect health to them."

She was moving as briskly and easily as a young woman, and I said, "There doesn't seem much wrong with you now."

"No," she answered, "but a few years since, my arms were literally paralysed through neuritis.

"I had always been an energetic woman—used to the control of the households of well-known society people, but how can you get through your work when the joints of your arms are too rigid and stiff to move?

"My right arm and shoulder, especially, were so locked that I couldn't use them at all. They were absolutely helpless.

"But now," and she laughingly twirled her arms aloft to give me proof of her complete recovery.

"Tell me," I observed, "to what cause did you attribute your neuritis?"

"To the very long spell of acidity, stomach trouble and nerve decay which beset me," said she. "This, added to my age, seemed to break down all resistance.

"In despair I took treatment and medicine faithfully. But all to no good. Then I heard good reports of Dr. Cassells Tablets and determined to see if they would do me good.

"They performed a miracle! My power of full movement returned!

"There has never been a backward step, and I have utmost faith in this truly remarkable remedy.

"I was amazed, and now you can well understand why I never lose the opportunity of telling others where they can find relief and cure."

NO NEED TO SUFFER!

While so many thousands of your fellow men and women are enjoying such wonderful health experiences, why should YOU continue to go on suffering?

In every chemists' shop you can obtain the wonderful formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets! Go AT ONCE and secure a bottle of this Nerve Restoring and Health Rebuilding, Re-invigorating tonic and see how soon YOU, too, can be freed from all such troubles as

HEADACHES HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION NEURITIS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
INSOMNIA "NERVES"
LUMBAGO DEPRESSION

Feel the New Nerve Power and New Strength flood through your whole body to make your life one long vista of Health and Happiness!

Get YOUR supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets TODAY!

Sold Everywhere 6d., 1/3, 2/- & 5/-.

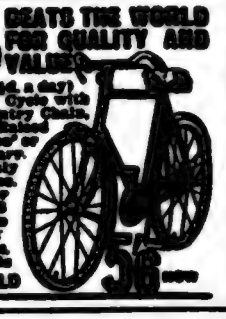
Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull" Shop Window on page 3

and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 14.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE



£3 per month (less than 2/- a day) buys the Graves "FLEETBIRD" Cycle with Sturmey's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Enamel or Dope Finish here. Ladies' or Gents with Accessories, Carr. Paid. £6/18/6 or 2/6 monthly No charge for Extra Terms. With Sturmey Archer Three-Speed Gear £1/8/6 Terms £1 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies' Man's Juvenile, 3 Tandems, Hairdrivers, Racers, Club Models.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

If you break an article—use Seccotine to mend it—and be sure of a lasting result. Seccotine can be applied with equal success to surfaces of all kinds. First made in 1884—still the same formula—still twice as good as its next best imitator. Sold everywhere in pin-stopper tubes, complete with directions for use, 4½d., 6d. and 9d.

Sole Proprietors: J. Cawston & Co., Ltd., Bedford.

THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

SECCOTINE

MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY WITH JOHN BULL'S CROSSWORD PENSION and FORTUNE

£5 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE with **£300** cash and OR £500 CASH

MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY FOR TWO

FARES, HOTEL EXPENSES ALL MET BY "JOHN BULL" WHO ALSO PROVIDES AN . . . . . EXTRA £10 POCKET MONEY

£50 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD VALUE £100

between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" receives 4 or more Squares (i.e. 2 or more coupons) for this contest

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with the publication of winning square in "John Bull."

CLOSING SAT., AUG 7

STUDY THESE CLUES

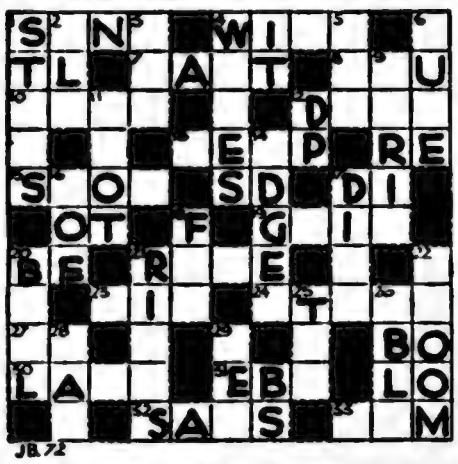
ACROSS

1. Sound in mind
4. Bread one is often necessary
7. Remain
8. Large Australian bird
10. In middle of lagoon
12. One who dyes clothes
13. Busybody sometimes tries to get this into neighbour's affairs
16. Blacksmith makes good one in many cases
19. Yours may help to give people a good impression
21. It usually pays producer to give temperamental star this
23. Crowd is always thrilled when champions do this
26. Take by theft
27. Bit of help in Alps
30. Some magistrates don't seem to realise how serious this is
31. Flew back
32. Instruments with teeth for cutting wood
33. May be added to make dress look just right

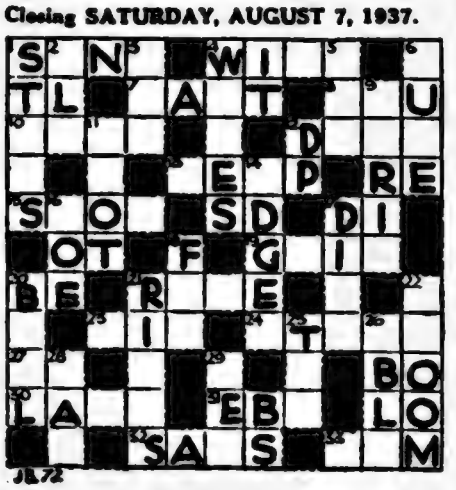
DOWN

1. They look graceful in many pictures of them
2. Swiss mountain
3. Female sheep
4. Most successful men in politics owe a lot to
5. Clock is generally wound up with one
6. Chemist checks over prescription to make this
9. Deserve
11. Host usually welcomes another
14. Razor blades have sharp ones
16. Weeds can be dug up with this
17. People usually swallow a good deal when they do this
18. Knowy
20. When this is registered, you are absolutely sure of it
21. It may be dangerous to run these in some circumstances
22. It pays some people to cultivate
25. May prove useful in laundry
26. Skilful
28. Keen assistant has earned this for good work
29. Dresses which are this attract more attention in shop window

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 72. Closing SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1937.



JB.72



JB.72

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE. for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED.....

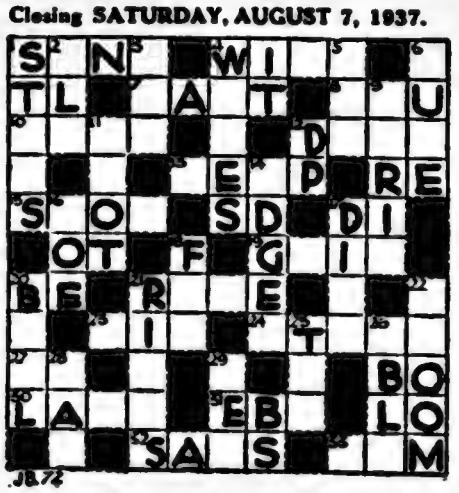
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 72. Closing SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1937.

JB.72



JB.72

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 72, "JOHN BULL," 67, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

PRESENTED on this page is the seventy-second of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, August 19, 1937. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on page 35. The second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is finally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Saturday, August 7.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 2s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 19. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, August 24, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards.

Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

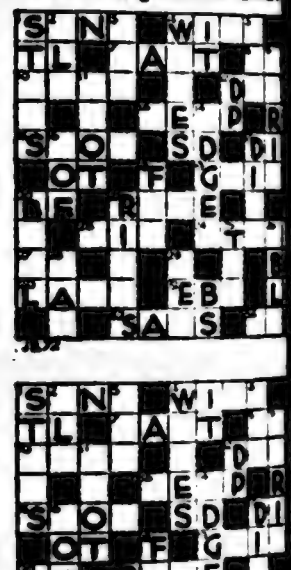
6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

GET THIS FREE HELP

In addition to valuable "Ro... Why" guidance, the "Cross... Gazette" provides entry-squares ... fine paper, all the Crossword ... and other constructive aid ... free! Secure your weekly ... by enclosing with your Cross... entry the Reservation Form ... page 35. Every reader now rec... a free Entry Envelope weekly. Result and winning square ... Crossword Competition No. 70 ... appear in next week's "John Bull."

COPY SQUARES ONLY



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ENTRY-FEE

Enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. for each two squares submitted.

PRIZE FOR NEWSAGENTS

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharer Newsagents.

Tom (Clapham).—"I have a friend who claims that he can judge distance to a thousandth of an inch." We have met people like that motoring.

The Editor Laughs Last

"That's high enough, darling."
—From "The Passing Show" Bank Holiday Number.

BROOM (Bodmin).—"There was a hitch in the wedding ceremony." That's the main part of a wedding ceremony.

N. (Swanage).—"The chronic borrower is always in a hurry." Touch and go.

N. (Epsom).—"I found that the slimming course was an ordeal." So you had it in time.

I. (Box Hill).—"There is something more in lemon-squash when it is drunk in the open air." Flies?

B. (Rochester).—"What is the tendency to go back to when very short skirts reveal?" Knees.

BALLET DANCER (Balham). "I am never satisfied with my technique." Sighing for new whirls to conquer?

H. (Winchmore Hill).—"After disliking nearly all the seaside places in turn we have decided to go to Land's End." As a last resort.

C. (Northampton).—"The shortage of lizard skins for the manufacture of shoes now constitutes a problem." It certainly does, for lizards.

Mrs. J. (Handsworth).—"Even when my wife and I quarrel when travellers call at our shop, they go away satisfied." Business as usual during altercations.

RIVER (Blackpool).—"I stayed under until I heard from above that my application would be granted." So they raised the rent and your wages, eh?

SAW (Newport).—"Because they made me his dining-room dark, he wants me now to take down half a dozen trees." That's no light job.

CRICKETER (Portsmouth).—"I have played my favourite game in practically every country in the world." You have travelled about a bit.

F. C. M. (Bristol).—"No man expects to be faced daily with all manner of curses." Unless he is a car-park attendant.

OBSERVANT (Blackpool).—"Immediately meals are served in the average seaside boarding-house, some boarders behave like greyhounds." Sort of baying guests, eh?

C. H. (Hoylake).—"I don't like to see the same people taking the golf prizes year after year." You prefer to see them going round.

G. B. (Isle of Man).—"I am anxious to follow in the footsteps of the great motorcycle record holders." We didn't know they made any.

GARDENER (Epping).—"A method can generally be found for curing a drooping plant." Where there's a wilt there's a way.

A. J. (Hayes).—"It was only when the train was gathering speed that I realised that I had gone past my destination." You gave up to it?

R. C. (Perranporth).—"I'm sitting on the cliffs. As soon as I've finished this letter to you I'm going to have a sleep." We hope you haven't dropped off.

NON-SWIMMER (Ealing).—"Thinking that it was the shallow end I stepped into the swimming pool." And found yourself up to the neck in it.

E. K. (Bristol).—"I was so anxious to finish my book that I fell down the stairs while reading it." So you quickly got to the end.

JIM (Barnstaple). — "The handicap pair in a tennis tournament should ensure a good fight in the final." It usually leads to a good many quarrels long before that.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each one published. Mark, envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

CHESTERFIELD AND DISTRICT METHODIST MAGAZINE:—"The collections for the two Sundays amounted to £23 4s 1d., which was afterwards made up by kind friends to £22 5s. 0d."

THE COLERAINE CHRONICLE:—"The choir sank beautifully under his leadership."

THE MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Serve hot with cream or MUSTARD."

LOUGHBOROUGH ECHO:—". . . for providing electricity to illuminate the Parish Church Clerk."

THE DAILY MAIL:—". . . cut a sorry figure against the FAT bowling of Andrews and Wellard . . ."

CUMBERLAND EVENING STAR AND MAIL:—"Mr. ——, conductor of the —— Male Voice Choir, of which the BRIDESMAID is a member."

STAGE HAND (Glasgow).—"Comedians don't rise with the lark." Naturally they wish to steer clear of the bird as much as possible.

N. A. S. (Edinburgh).—"Even the greatest of physical strength is sometimes useless." When you want to raise the wind, for instance.

T. M. M. (Largs).—"The world requires a war of ideas rather than a conflict between peoples." A battle of notions, not nations.

VEGETARIAN (Bath). — "Although I never touch meat in any form, I find that I am the most energetic person in the office." You're full of beans.

PLAYGOER (Chelsea).—"Making my way along the row, I stumbled several times and nearly fell." Trip-up seats?

TOM (Uxbridge).—"He was too vain to admit he was in the wrong, so he had to make the parachute descent." A case of pride going before a fall, eh?

C. V. (Portsmouth).—"After thirty years at sea I'm looking for something steady on land." You feel that you've had your share of ups and downs?

F. R. (Newark).—"With the new motor mower I can cut the grass on all the greens of the course in one day." You make short work of it.

THINKER (Hertford). — "Europe reminds me of a game of cricket. What it needs is a good umpire." Then there won't be so many squabbles over boundaries?

DORIS (Birmingham).—"After snatching the letter away from me, my employer said he would attend to it himself." He took it out of your hands.

SNEEZEOW (Epsom).—"I touch my toes about 5,130 times a day in a circus to make a living." Well, that's one way of making ends meet.

S. B. (Lincoln).—"An after-dinner orator isn't necessarily applauded according to the length of time he speaks." He is if he sits down soon enough.

G. K. (Dulwich).—"What is the cleanest sport?" Swimming.

D. G. (Beccles).—"I have had to move because the rooks near by made so much noise." Caws and effect!

ANXIOUS (Cromer). — "Is there anything I can put in my garden to keep my neighbour's cat out?" Yes, a dog.

FATHER (St. Neots). — "I wouldn't sit down under it if my son were to be birched." Neither would your son.

SAXON (Ostend).—"When the water polo team was selected I was left high and dry." You were not in the swim.

BASS (Iver).—"I was told after the concert that my song was practically inaudible." Solo they couldn't hear.

EX-PUBLIC (Rugby).—"There are times when I have no use whatever for 'the old School tie.'" When you wear an open-necked shirt, eh?

L. G. (Cleethorpes).—"I tell you I opened my eyes when I saw my wife's new costume." And shut them again when you saw the bill?

S. D. (Taunton).—"Some anglers are not above using unsporting methods in order to obtain a catch." By hook or by crook.

F. B. J. (Swindon).—"I used to be a wheel-tapper on the railway, but my time is now fully occupied tuning pianos." You have struck a different note.

S. H. (Clapham).—"I have perfected a kind of parchment which I hope will prove suitable for men's clothes." Paper bags?

M. F. (Horncastle).—"The number of gunmen in the United States horrifies other nations." Even in America they hold up their hands in dismay.

C. S. (Stoke-on-Trent).—"I thought I should have to stand around for an hour or so, but my friend turned up almost immediately." A wait off your mind.

A. M. (Bolton).—"A man pleaded in court recently that he kissed a girl in the street because he couldn't help himself." But that is precisely what he seems to have done.

BOOKSELLER (Edinburgh). — "My shop was broken into recently and a number of books of modern poetry stolen." The thieves are sure to be caught napping.

G. F. (Coventry).—"Since the Spanish civil war, gunpowder manufacturing has been on the upgrade." There always was a big boom in explosives.

BOARDER (Brighton).—"I took a bath without telling the landlady, and she was very annoyed about it." You got into hot water.

STONEMASON (Lowestoft).—"I have just completed a fine memorial stone for myself. You have been carving a name for yourself.

FILM PRODUCER (Elstree).—"I hope shortly to begin a film dealing with the life of Noah." We presume extensive floodlighting will be employed.

T. Y. (Dymchurch).—"I think there should be a Government official whose sole duty would be to prevent lawbreaking." A sort of Crime Minister?

INVESTOR (Throgmorton Street).—"After a period of depression and inactivity the City is happy again." Now every prospectus pleases.

P. T. W. (Norbury).—"It's easy to have an ideal kind of holiday if you have an ideal kind of purse." You can have both if you like to take up an ideal kind of hobby—all details on page 35.

H. M. (Wimbledon).—"One often meets a tennis umpire who is officious and overbearing." Always trying to find faults, as it were.

B. C. (Swanage).—"Years ago when prospecting in Australia I remember that our stock of provisions ran short, and all we had to exist on for a few days was a piece of month old cheddar." That was hard cheese.

S. M. (Rye).—"An oven has been invented that cooks the food without supervision and rings a bell when it is ready." Another advantage is that it doesn't drink the cooking sherry or flirt with the milkman.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for entertainment.

Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
Will Soothe Those
TIRED FEET

THE WONDER REMEDY FOR
ABSCESSES
BOILS
SUNBURN
WOUNDS
BAD LEG
ECZEMA
BLACKHEADS
HEAT RASH
RINGWORM
SCALDS
BITES
ACNE, BURNS

Rub GERMOLENE on those Burning, Throbbing, Swollen, Aching Feet! Instantly you gain relief—your feet are cooled, soothed, *refreshed*! GERMOLENE is the World's Wonder Skin Remedy! Carry a 6d. tin with you when hiking or 'out for the day' and Foot Trouble, Blisters, etc., will not spoil your enjoyment!—GERMOLENE heals even dreadful leg ulcers in record time and wipes away the most obstinate skin troubles! Get a tin TO-DAY!

6D. 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Per Tin. Tubes 4/6

For PILES use GERMOLOIDS (Brand) 1/3 Per Box

FLATULENCE

Although Flatulence is such an unpleasant and painful form of Indigestion, it is one that can be made to yield to suitable treatment in quite a short time. Usually the distension (fullness) of the stomach is produced by gas or "wind." This, in turn, is the direct result of an excess of acidity in the stomach. You will realise, therefore, how essential it becomes to avoid the formation of excessive acidity. Alkali is the normal neutraliser of acid; that is why alkaline treatment is usually prescribed to deal with acidity.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is the safest and most effective alkaline powder. As soon as it reaches the stomach, excess acidity is neutralised in a twinkling. You feel the soothing effect inside you at once. The blown-out sensation of flatulence passes away, and comfort in the waistline is restored as if by magic.

Sufferers from flatulence should take Maclean Brand Stomach Powder regularly—not only because of the *instant relief* it brings, but for a much more important reason. A neglected acid condition paves the way for the most serious forms of stomach trouble—the dreaded gastric and duodenal ulcer. The flatulent subject must avoid that danger at any cost. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder keeps the stomach clean and acid-free so that ulcers never get a footing. Take it regularly, but be sure you get the powder with the signature, "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. Powder or tablets, 1/3, 2/-, 5/-. Never sold loose.

A NEW GARDEN in 10 DAYS if you use
SANGRAL NOW!

SANGRAL, the soluble fertiliser, adds life-giving organic nitrogen to your soil in 6 hours. In 10 days you'll be astounded at the difference in flowers, fruit, vegetables, tomatoes and lawns. Sangral is easy to apply, economical, and above all 100% SAFE, it cannot harm or "burn" any plant or seedling, because it contains no chemicals whatever. No matter how poor your soil, Sangral will make it rich and productive in a few days. Make a ten-day test this week. ROSES, particularly, need Sangral NOW. Feed all your plants with

6d., **SANGRAL** 1/- & 1/6, 3/- & 5/-.

THE TEN-DAY FERTILISER
FREE. Send a P.C. for 48-page booklet to LAGO, LTD., 1, Carruthers Street, Liverpool.

Spare Time Opportunities for JOHN BULL Readers
—see page 16

BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE—IN VAIN

"I AM going to clean the kitchen flues"—this simple announcement by Mrs. F. Simmonds, of Cannon Mill Villas, Waterside, Chesham, Bucks, was destined to be the forerunner of tragedy. Soon afterwards she was lying in hospital suffering from severe burns sustained when her clothing caught fire from the kitchen grate.

Suddenly while her burns were being dressed there came a crisis—the patient's breathing and heart had stopped—she was dead.

Immediately artificial respiration was commenced and injections given. Moments that seemed like hours slipped by and suddenly her heart began to beat again—at first slowly, then more regularly. She had been brought back to life and the doctor was able to complete the dressing.

Unfortunately a relapse came later and this time remedial measures were of no avail.

As Mrs. Simmonds was a Registered Reader of "John Bull" a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift — was promptly sent.

EXCLUSIVE BENEFITS.

In addition to numerous other Accident Benefits, "John Bull" is *the only paper in the world* to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefits.

£607 2s. 8d. PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £607 2s. 8d. to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits	£205	2	8
Accident Benefits—Adults	£145	0	0
Children's Accidents ..	£257	0	0

If you have not yet secured this pre-eminent and unparalleled Security Gift do so to-day—you owe it as a duty to your dependants and your home as well as to yourself. Use the forms below **NOW!**

"JOHN BULL"—THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve John Bull for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 31/7/37.

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 31/7/37.

HE WAS A JUDGE FOR A DA

"HOW are *Bullets* judged? I have asked myself that question many times, and now I can answer it," writes a "Bulleteer," Mr. W. A. Lamb, 36, Plough Lane, Wimbledon, working in foreground above.

"As part of the First Prize which I won in *Bullets* No. 1,070, the Competition Editor invited me to spend the day in his department—and I actually worked as a judge.

"My opinion was invited as to the prize-worthiness of lines which *you* may have entered, and I shared the duties of those who sift the wheat from the chaff and winnow down the entries until only the golden grains of wisdom, wit and word-play are left. From these comes the one that brings 'harvest home' to the sender in the shape of the famous Friday First Prize telegram.

"Before beginning work, however, I chatted with the judges who weigh the value of your *Bullets*.

"I found them men of the world, men who have gathered knowledge from contact with the ordinary man, who think the same thoughts as you do and feel the same emotions.

"Some of them are experts in particular subjects. There are holders of university degrees among them—but none is chosen for his scholarship. Each holds his post because of his ability to recognise whatever merit is present in the *Bullets* you submit.

* * *

"I SIT at the adjudicators' table and go through my first hundred coupons. (I should say here that those which were examined by me were remanded for further examination by more competent adjudicators.) First I check the *Examples*. Ah! here's a 'foreigner.' This 'Bulleteer' has used an *Example* taken from the following week's list. That will go on one side to be judged with its proper rivals.

"This one's used too many words his first effort. Don't know how squeezed them on the coupon, but *Bullet's* out of the running! The sec line contains a good idea. Rather securely expressed, but still we'll mark with our special sign—each judge has own mark—and place it on one side.

"I add to the pile of possible winn a few more *Bullets*, rejecting as 'imp sibles' several aged winners which h been resuscitated by hopeful (or hopele competitors. These old-timers have l opportunity of sneaking past the judg who have an intimate acquaintance w lines of ancient vintage.

"While I am going through my sec hundred coupons, the chief adjudica enters and opens the daily conference, which the *Bullets* which have b selected the previous day as possi winners are read aloud to the judges w comment on their faults and virtues.

"The only one who must keep silent the judge who picked out the line und review. He cannot be an advocate for t *Bullets* which he has selected for possi prizes. This ensures impartial consid tion for each line discussed.

"This jury-like process goes on until the best efforts of the previous day h received consideration. Nothing cou except merit. Where you live, the pa from which you have cut your coup the *Example* you have chosen, the f that your wife is a cousin of a man w once knew somebody who worked at L Acre, means nothing. Enter a good Bull and you'll get a prize!"

* * *

Bear this First Prize "Bulleteer" words in mind as you tackle the *Examp* for that fine Holiday Offer oppos Enter the best *Bullet* of this week's C test and you will win £500 and a Holiday Surprise!

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,100 WON THIS WEEK

First Prize, £750 Cash—Competition No. 1,079:

A. JACKSON, 33, Britannia Road, Sheffield.

Example: BAD DAY'S WORK

Bullet: OFTEN BAD *Pay's* WORK.

SECOND PRIZE £50:

M. A. PYRAH 38, Alhroyd Street, Morley, Nr. Leeds.

Example: Under Hitler

Bullet: Thousands "Afraid Of Thought."

THIRD PRIZE £25:

A. J. ATKINS, 15, Norman Road, Canterbury.

Example: Gleefully

Bullet: *And* Woefully, Sonny "Crams."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: D. J. GRIFFITHS, 25, Hopton Road, Streatham, S.W.
Career Of Crime—*One* "Field" Near Slums!

£15: J. LATHAM, c/o 213, Walsgrave Road, Coventry.
What The Boss Heard—"Discharged Thief!" Discharged Sneak!

£10: B. BARRINGTON, St. Hilda, Park Avenue, Eastbourne.
Flaw In The Fabric—But League's Still "Bargain."

£9 10s.: Mrs. WESTWOOD, 52, Beatty Crescent, Kirkcaldy.
Now Dad Has A Camera—"Loads"—"Shoots"—Result's "Crime."

£9: O. C. PAYNE, 24, Waldeck Road, Ealing, London, W.
Place In The Sun—Often Means "Bigger Hat."

£8 10s.: W. J. ROBINSON, 118, Woodstone Avenue, Stoneleigh, Surrey.
M.P.'s Salary—"Visible Means" For "Wandering."

£8: H. W. HIRST, 210, Laburnum Grove, Portsmouth.
Under Hitler—"Puppets" *Lest* They "Dangle."

£7 10s.: G. TIDY, 54, Boswall Terrace, Edinburgh.
Pity The Prisoner When—Wifey "Lets Car Out"!

£7: Mrs. V. STOKES, 15, Elmore Avenue, Norwood, S.E.
Strays—Vicar's Stud—Vicar, A mare!

£6 10s.: C. B. SHEPPARD, 4, Brankse Road, Merton Park, S.W.
To Help The Farmer—Apparently, Peeling Potatoes!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6: N. SMITH, 3, Fern Cottages, Tadcaste
Now Dad Has A Camera—"Beautiful Wa fall's" Grandpa's Beard!

£5 10s.: R. HARMAN, 133, Mackie Ave Brighton.
Slave To Convention—Aun[illegible]—Shorts, Flannel!

£5: Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 52, Blackhorse L London, E.
To Help The Farmer—Specia[illegible] Discount [illegible] Ink!

£4 10s.: A. BURCHELL, 24, Lingh Gardens, Edgware.
Bad Day's Work—Tried To Do Two.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£4: W. R. DAVIS, 2, Priory Avenue, Ha Essex.
It Costs A Lot, But—There's Many Empties!

£3 10s.: E. MAPLESDEN, 16, Woodside Pa Woodside, S.E.
Place In The Sun—For Modern Tea. bathers!

£3: H. HUNTER, 9, Union Street, Lerw Shetland Isles.
Under Hitler—And Mussolini, Fran "Punishment."

Each of the above winners will also re a folding Camera, with carrying case, to £2 10s. and 30 £1 10s. A list of th together with 800 2s. 6d. winners, can be at these offices.

The extra £800 Bonus offered in "Bull 10s. 1,077 has been divided between 355 d entrants and payments of £1 7s. 6d. are despatched accordingly.

A Free Cookery Booklet of special interest to every housewife

"A LESSON IN PASTRY MAKING"

DON'T overlook the unique opportunity to secure a copy of this very useful book. You will learn why faults occur and how to avoid them—how to get perfect results with the least trouble. Every housewife and cook ought to have this valuable reference book. Send for your free copy now by writing to the Stork Co., Dept. B.P.7, Unilever House, London, E.C.4. Please write clearly and also mention that the offer appeared in JOHN BULL.

A Useful* CREAM-MAKER *FREE!

It makes half a pint of Cream for only 4d.

THIS Wonderful, attractively made, efficient Cream-maker is yours FREE for 24 Coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice, but if you would like to receive it immediately send only 2 Coupons with 2/6—this 2/6 will be refunded when the balance of 22 Coupons is received. Note! Packet tops from Quaker Corn Flakes will also be accepted for this offer! If you want to give yourself a treat, accept this unique offer now. Write to Quaker Oats, Ltd., Dept. J.B.4, Southall, Middlesex, for further details or ask your grocer for a special form to which you can attach your coupons and or remittance. Be sure to mention that you saw the offer in JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL'S' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat extra gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment each counting as 2d. of the price. You may send 3 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 2d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib Fuche chp 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 87a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3

570 DOUBLE 'BULLETS' HOLIDAY AWARDS!
ONE WEEK ONLY TO WIN
1ST PRIZE £500
CASH and HOLIDAY SURPRISE
£50 and HOLIDAY SURPRISE
£25 and HOLIDAY SURPRISE
£20 and HOLIDAY SURPRISE
£15 and HOLIDAY SURPRISE
£10 and HOLIDAY SURPRISE
£9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4.10 £4 £3.10 £3
5 OF £2·10
50 OF 10/-
500 OF 2/6
£25 HOLIDAY SURPRISE OPPORTUNITY FOR EACH CASH WINNER
If you win any cash prize of 2s. 6d. or more in this contest, you will be invited to take advantage of a great new £25 Holiday Surprise Opportunity
ENTIRELY FREE.
2,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" • 8,000 "STAR TARGETS"
CLOSING POSTMARK SAT., AUG. 7
1083

570 WINNERS WANTED—BE QUICK FOR YOUR BIG HOLIDAY PRIZE!

THE holiday season is already in full swing and you will have to be quick if you want to travel to the seaside with your pockets full of *Bullets* cash. Here are 570 golden opportunities to capture a cash prize and each of those awards be accompanied by a novel £25 Holiday Surprise Offer—an entirely new attraction. ttle down to the *Examples* without delay and there is no reason why you should scar to the heights of this Contest's magnificent First Prize.

w furniture and decorations for your home, a sound education for your dren, new clothes, a motor-car—all these and more can be yours if you enter the effort in this seasonable one-week Offer. Think of all the joys that a £500 ne would bring to you and yours—and then make up your mind that the dleteer" to enter the few simple ds that will capture this fine First e will be you!

Friday, August 20, a gay "Greetings" gram will bring JOHN BULL's congratulations to the winner of this week's First Prize. If you want to read name on that golden envelope, see you enter before it is too late.

W TO MAKE "BULLETS"

PLY fit TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to one the 36 interesting *Examples* provided this page and your reward may well a big JOHN BULL cheque and £25 day Surprise.

our best way to start is to read ugh the list of *Examples* and pick out e on which to work. Then against of these chosen *Examples* jot down he ideas it brings to your mind. Your step is to polish these rough notes finished *Bullets*.

uppose, for instance, that the *Example* rs HER GOING, had suggested to you rough comment, *Knowing She Helps Tired Husband*. From this you could ily produce the typical *Bullet*, KEEPS GOING—KNOWING SHE'S HUBBY'S NTLIANT."

efore you commence making up your *Bullets*, study carefully the good ts of the leading efforts in our 1,079th zzle, which appear on the opposite e, noting how closely each effort fits *Example* and expresses its meaning in and original words. Then start on *Examples*, for your entry must be marted on or before Saturday, ust 7.

Add 2, 3, or 4 words only to any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,083)

STRONG GOVERNMENT
LIFE'S A PUZZLE, BUT
ACT OF A MAN
BRITANNIA'S WATCHING, SO
POWER OF THE MACHINE
TO STOP THE RISING
DROPPED FROM THE SKIES
ALTHOUGH WE PAY
SOLLY'S SWEETHEART
SLIPPERY CUSTOMER
THE RINGLEADER
UPSET THE BOAT

SHUFFLING
"HOLD TIGHT!"
BANKRUPT
TIP-TOP
THE OLD WAY
WITHOUT WINGS

FIRED
AS HE LIKES IT
VANITY
COMMON
DAD'S ANSWER
ARTIST'S MODEL

KEEPS HER GOING
UP CAME A POLICEWOMAN AND
HURT THE PEDESTRIAN
WATCHING THE PROCESSION
YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL
WHEN AUNTIE TRIED CRICKET
PULLING IT OFF
HIS LAST THOUGHT
LIKE A PLAGUE
KICKING UP A ROW
TAKES A LONG TIME
ENEMY OF THE COUNTRY

ENTRY FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

The original cheque for £200 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,078 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Livingston, 93, Belmont Church Road, Belfast.

FREE TO OBTAIN SIX FREE ISSUES OF "BULLETS BULLETIN" (AND CROSSWORD GAZETTE) YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets* and JOHN BULL's *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 1½d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Supply can be arranged more speedily by posting coupon direct to BULLETIN DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 1, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,083) Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 7.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,083) Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 7.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words ONLY.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,083) Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 7.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,083) Closing postmark SAT., Aug. 7.

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed .....

Address .....

If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,083 usually purchase "John Bull."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,083, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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